

# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1822

APRIL 6, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

### Education

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

On Tuesday next, April 9, at Three o'clock. Professor G. H. BRYAN, M.A., Sc.D., F.R.S., First of Two Lectures on WINGS AND AEROPLANES Half a Guinea the Course.

Thursday, April 11, at Three o'clock, Professor HENRY A. MIERS, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., First of Two Lectures on THE BIRTH AND AFFINITIES OF CRYSTALS. Half a Guinea.

Saturday, April 13, at Three o'clock. Professor SILVANUS P. THOMPSON, B.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., H.R.I., First of Three Lectures on STUDIES IN MAGNETISM. (The Tyndall Lectures.) Half a Guinea.

The FRIDAY EVENING MEETINGS will be resumed on April 12, when Professor A. H. CHURCH will give a Discourse on CONSERVATION OF HISTORIC BUILDINGS AND FRESCOES (*with Experimental Illustrations*). At Nine o'clock.

#### SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

AN Examination for Entrance Scholarships, open to Boys under 15 (on June 1), will be held on June 5, 6, 7. Further information can be obtained from the Rev. the Headmaster, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

#### UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

##### LECTURESHIP ON EDUCATION.

THE University Court of the University of Glasgow, will on June 6 next, or some subsequent date, proceed to appoint a Lecturer on Education.

The Appointment will be for five years from October 1, 1907, at an annual salary of £400. It will be a condition of appointment, that the Lecturer will not accept any other appointment except with the consent of the University Court.

Candidates should lodge 20 copies of their application and testimonials with the undersigned, on or before May 16 next.

ALAN E. CLAPPERTON,  
Secretary University Court.

University of Glasgow.

### Art

OLD BRITISH SCHOOL. — SHEPHERD'S Exhibition of Landscapes and Portraits by Early Masters of the British School is now open. — SHEPHERD'S GALLERY, 27 King Street, St. James's.

FAMILY PORTRAITS, PICTURES, and MINIATURES Copied in Oil or Water-Colours, or Etched on Copper. — H. GOFFEY, 3 The Studios, Melbourne Road, Bushey, Herts.

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### BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE READING ROOM will be CLOSED for renovation from Monday, April 15, until further notice.

It is anticipated that the work of renovation will be finished by October 31.

E. MAUNDE THOMPSON,  
Director and Principal Librarian  
British Museum,  
March 15, 1907.

CHAUCER. — A Commentary on the Prolog and Six Tales. Rich in New Matter. Subscription price, \$2.00. Circular on application. — Address, H. B. HINCKLEY, 54 Prospect Street, Northampton, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

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R. F. WEYMOUTH, M.A., D.Lit.

Edited by

E. HAMPDEN-COOK, M.A., Sandbach.

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

## THE LITERARY WEEK

PARTICULARS are now to hand of the Cambridge History of English Literature, which is to follow the plan of the Cambridge Modern History. The work will be published in fourteen volumes of about four hundred and fifty pages each, and will cover the whole of English literature from Beowulf to the end of the Victorian age. As in the Cambridge Modern History each chapter will be the work of a writer specially familiar with the subject, and the History will give a connected account of the successive movements, both main and subsidiary, treating minor writers adequately and not allowing them to be overshadowed by a few great personalities. Vol. i. will cover the period from the origin to Chaucer, vol. ii. from Chaucer to the Renaissance, vol. iii. Elizabethan poetry and prose, vols. iv. and v. Elizabethan and Jacobean drama, vol. vi. Jacobean poetry and prose, vol. vii. the Caroline age, vol. viii. the age of Dryden, vol. ix. the age of Swift and Pope, vol. x. the rise of the novel, vol. xi. the earlier Georgian age, vol. xii. the Romantic revival, and vols. xiii. and xiv. the Victorian age.

There has been a great to-do in a certain section of the Press about a forthcoming book on "Extinct Birds," compiled by Mr. Walter Rothschild. One halfpenny paper devoted about a column to it, and the *Spectator* shortly afterwards followed suit. The great point insisted on by these distinguished critics was that it was supposed to have cost Mr. Rothschild twenty thousand pounds to produce. Mr. Rothschild now writes to the *Spectator* to deny that it has cost anything like that; "not even a fourth of that sum," are Mr. Rothschild's words, "and the actual printing of plates and text will only amount to two thousand one hundred pounds." Really, as Mr. Vincent Crummies remarked, "it is extraordinary how these things get into the papers." We fail to see how or why the cost of producing a book should be supposed to produce any effect whatever on those who are to read the book. Hitherto we have left to the Americans the gentle art of telling the public the price of the dinners given by Mr. So-and-So, or the conjectured value of the furs worn by the footmen of Mrs. Somebody Else. Who cares what the book cost? The only point worth considering is whether it is a good book or not—and that remains to be seen, as it has not yet been published.

A remarkable collection of early-printed books and manuscripts on vellum is being offered for sale by Messrs. Sotheman. The greater portion of this library—the total value of which is estimated at, roughly, forty thousand

pounds—was formed by the late owners some seventy years ago, and perhaps the most important item is a perfect copy of Caxton's "Golden Legende," first edition. It is probably the only complete copy in existence, and is catalogued at four thousand pounds. A set of the first four Shakespeare folios, almost all in perfect condition, are catalogued at seven thousand pounds—surely a modest price when it is remembered that a set recently realised ten thousand pounds. A fine and tall copy of the Coverdale Bible, 1535, the first edition of the Bible in English, is priced at six hundred pounds. It is exceedingly rare, and with the exception of the Osterley Park copy—which, however, had the title dated 1536—no perfect copy is known to exist. An early block-book, the "Biblia Pauperum" (ante 1450), slightly defective, figures in the catalogue at two thousand pounds.

The library contains a unique York Breviary, 1533, no other copy being known to exist. It is in almost perfect condition, and is catalogued at twelve hundred pounds. Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," first edition, in three volumes, figures at two hundred and twenty-five pounds; and the story as published in the original *London Post*; or *Heathcot's Intelligencer* (Nos. 125-289) at five hundred pounds. Other rare books are Dibdin's "Bibliographical Decameron," a unique copy on large paper (one hundred and forty-five pounds); Wynkin de Worde's edition of "Dives and Pauper," 1496 (one hundred and twenty-five pounds); Ben Jonson's Works, 1616—the edition it will be remembered which gives the names of some of the actors of the plays, including Shakespeare—with a presentation inscription by the author (one hundred and five pounds); Lyson's *Environs of London*, four volumes, extended to twenty-six volumes quarto by the addition of nearly five thousand extra portraits and views (three hundred and fifty pounds); a superb Persian manuscript of Firdausi on seven hundred leaves of native glazed paper, with sixty illustrations (five hundred pounds); Spenser's "Complaints"—a large paper copy, probably unique (two hundred and fifty pounds); and many Shakespeare Quartos and valuable early manuscripts.

A great deal of pious excavation has been going on recently. Every few months Letters from Dead Authors to their nursemaids and greengrocers have been carried upstairs with the coal or dug up in the back garden or behind the backs of sofas, and after having been exhibited in the drawing-room for the benefit of envious friends, have found their way into the daily press and afterwards to Wellington Street. The nadir of absurdity was surely reached on Tuesday morning, when a responsible newspaper reported the "find"—in the Powysland Museum, Welshpool!—of a letter to his brother from the late lamented Mr. Charles Dickens, "author of a work, I believe." Having printed this letter:

Office of Household Words,  
Thursday, Fifth February, 1857.

Dear Frederick,—I am sorry to be obliged to reply to you as before.

I cannot lend you the £30. Firstly, because I cannot trust you, and because your bad faith with Will and Austin makes the word "lend" an absurdity. Secondly, because, if this were otherwise, it would do you no real good, and would not in the least save you against creditors who have already power of taking you in execution.—Affectionately, C.D.—

it proceeds gravely to discuss, in an article nearly a column in length, the identity of "Will and Austin," the possibility of "caligraphic" errors, and so on. Could inanity further go?

What is the height and depth of the general sense of humour? In front of one of the Strand theatres the management thereof displays a number of small posters

with pictures on them and a legend beneath. The particular piece of stagecraft thus advertised is entitled "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch," and we take it that herein we have a dramatised version of the story of that name. In spite of the savour of burlesque in its title, "Mrs. Wiggs" as a book was a human and fairly humorous piece of writing. For aught we know to the contrary, it may not have suffered in process of adaptation to the stage. But the posters of the management above-mentioned indicate that from the theatrical point of view the piece glitters with gems. On one of them there is a picture of a man and a woman examining a pair of trousers. Underneath we read, "I don't care about their being worn; a spike-tailed coat will cover that." Here surely is humour of the deepest British dye, and we should not be surprised to hear that passers who happen to come across it fall immediately into hysterics of laughter. And as if the trouser-joke in all its splendid richness were not enough, the theatre people have written up for us, in letters of flame as it were, the following excruciating sally:

Don't you know that every bride should wear something new and something old?

Which on the face of it is pure, unadulterated meaninglessness—though the public is doubtless expected to laugh.

The numerous influences which tend to make authorship an uncomfortable profession might not inappropriately be turned to account by some industrious wielder of the pen who happens to be hard up for a subject. In this country, authors, as a body, have the gift of remaining very dumb about matters which hurt them. They appear to have taken the advice of one Longfellow closely to heart. "Know how sublime a thing it is," warbles the American nightingale, "to suffer and be strong." The author knows. Whether he is strong or not is another matter. Authors abroad, however, decline to suffer—at any rate lying down. When they have a grievance, be it ever so slight, they take care that the world shall hear of it.

An instance in point reaches us from one of the colonies. A woman writer, who has produced three books which have been "enthusiastically received by press and public alike," has lately published a fourth book which "has not received a single notice." And the reason according to the author is, that her publisher has omitted to send out the usual review copies. This is clearly a most uncolonial omission and the aggrieved author is most angry about it. She wishes to know if she has no remedy. We do not desire either to make trouble or to stimulate litigation, particularly as we doubt whether the lady has a claim that is worth pursuing. In England, at any rate, unless review copies are expressly stipulated for in an agreement, the publisher sends them out, or refrains from sending them out, at his own option and discretion. And there are authors in the world who, if they can help it, will not have a review copy sent out on any account.

According to the *Daily Graphic*, President Roosevelt has the happy faculty of "coining words and phrases." As examples of this "happy faculty," our contemporary cites the following phrases: "A strenuous life," "a big stick," and "Molly Coddles," a term which we are informed "he launched" in a recent speech at Harvard. We can assure our contemporary that these phrases were in existence and in constant use many years before President Roosevelt was born or thought of. Mr. Roosevelt may, for all we know to the contrary, possess a happy faculty for "coining" phrases and "launching" them, but his reputation in this direction, if it is to be

sustained, will have to rest on surer foundations than the employment of phrases and words which have been in common use among millions of English-speaking people for at least a hundred years.

According to the *Bystander* the Australians are "graphomaniacs," and "every second dwelling of the middle class is cumbered with unfinished and unpublished manuscripts." We are afraid the Australians are not alone in this respect. There is not a publisher in London who could not produce at this moment a pantechicon-load of unpublishable stuff warranted to be the work of a middle-class household. Nearly every middle-class woman in London is even now engaged on a work of fiction which is to make the fortune of her dearest male relative—father, husband or brother, as the case may be. Further, to judge by the very large percentage of manuscripts which are written on expensive paper with the Government stamp at the top of it, the whole strength of the Civil Service is engaged in the important work of literary production. We hope that this is not so in Australia.

A clergyman at Newcastle has been recently "creating a sensation" by reading a poem of his own composition to his congregation in place of the usual sermon. One of our contemporaries reproduced the text of this effusion, and we were thus able to enjoy a faint echo of the original "sensation" as supplied to the congregation. It was most unpleasant. Bad poetry is a disagreeable thing at all times, but one is generally able to avoid coming into contact with it by exercise of judgment as to what one reads, and by avoiding the society of bad poets and leaving the room "in a marked manner" when any suggestion of "a recitation" is made by any one whom one is not sure of. But now it seems we are liable to be decoyed into church by false pretences, and then morally "pinned down," while reverend gentlemen fire off their own verses at us. This is rather too bad.

Monsieur Bremond's book, "The Mystery of Newman," which has recently been translated into English, contains the following statement: "Newman's father, a London banker, was descended from a Jewish family, which settled in Holland shortly after the death of Spinoza."

It is a fact that Cardinal Newman was descended from a family which had settled in Holland about the period indicated by Monsieur Bremond. However, John Newman the banker was not descended from it, and there is no trace whatever in it of Hebrew origin. The Cardinal's mother, Jemima, was a daughter of Henry Fourdrinier. Henry's father, Paul, was born at Gronigen in Holland, settled in England, and was buried at Wandsworth on February 8, 1758. Before leaving Gronigen he had married Susanna Grolleau, like himself a native of that place and also like him a descendant of a family of Caen Huguenots. Her father, Louis Grolleau, was naturalised as a Dutchman in 1682. Henri Fourdrinier, the father of Paul, was born at Caen and had fled with his whole family to Gronigen, while the father and grandfather of Henri, also both named Henri, had lived and died at Caen, the last mentioned, born about 1575, having been some time Admiral of France. There is therefore no sign of Hebrew origin on this side of the Cardinal's family.

We quote these details on the authority of the painter of the Cardinal's portrait which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, Miss Emmeline Deane, who kindly allowed us access to a dated genealogy of the family of Fourdrinier, from which she is herself descended, her



mother being a first cousin of the Cardinal. We believe that Monsieur Bremond did his best to obtain information, but owing to ill luck failed to do so directly. No doubt he afterwards heard some details of the kind indirectly, and confused the history of this family with that of Newman, thus unintentionally contributing to "the making of history" on which Mr. Ward remarks in his letter to the *Westminster Gazette* of March 23.

It is known that the English Fourdriniers became a family of engravers. It is therefore likely that the Pierre Fourdrinier of the early Biographical Dictionaries is identical with Paul, the great grandfather of the Cardinal. Pierre is described in those works as having lived for over thirty years in London and as having died in 1758, the year of Paul's burial at Wandsworth. He engraved the plates to "Villas of the Ancients," published by Castell in 1728, seven years after the date of Paul's marriage to Susanna Grolleau at Gronigen. This would leave time for his establishment in England. Pierre Fourdrinier the younger is also described in the Dictionaries as a talented engraver of architectural subjects. His death is chronicled as having occurred in 1769. He may possibly be identical under a second name with Henry, the Cardinal's grandfather, who died on January 11, 1799. The name Pierre does not occur in the Fourdrinier genealogy, but no second Christian names are given.

Dr. Emil Reich thinks that London men are "proudly unintellectual." This distressing accusation may be partly due to the very small number of men who attend his lectures at Claridge's, where the fairer and, of course, more intellectual sex predominates. We should like to see a type of the man of whom you can use the adverb and the epithet. He must be delightful. The proud and unintellectual are old friends of course. Englishmen, however, especially if they have been at a University, do not go about thinking aloud, and it is just possible that a stifled yawn at Dr. Reich's conversation may have given rise to the supposed existence of this strange hybrid. If Dr. Reich will give lectures for "Men Only" he can count on a large audience from the proud, the humble, the intellectual and the unintellectual.

M. Lepine has ordered the Morgue to be closed to the public. The wonder is that his predecessors did not do so. "Your Morgue has made the Seine renowned," wrote Browning (who rhymed with Morgue—with what vocable, indeed, did he not rhyme?) Possibly: but the Seine possesses other and less grisly titles to renown. One may be glad that Browning visited this "celebrated building," for it inspired his "Apparent Failure." But such sights as it contains are not good for "the man in the street," and he is just the person who frequents them. Poets and moralists (on presenting their cards), M. Lepine might admit; for they have a knack of sucking edification out of matters which only do harm to ordinary mortals.

Spurgeon's sermons, e.g., that against swearing and that on the *facilis descensus Avernii*, can be traced to their sources. The first was by a *curé francomtois*, the second by a Capucin monk. The "*curé, prêchant contre les blasphémateurs, quelque temps avant la Révolution, débuta ainsi avec beaucoup d'unction: 'Nom de Dieu, sacré nom de Dieu! comme ou vous outrage!'*" The Capucin, on the day of the Transfiguration, fell down the pulpit steps he was mounting, but instantly recovered his equilibrium and began: "*Nemini dixeritis visionem*" (Matt. xvii. 9). These "Predicatoriana" are of the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries, and were published at Dijon in the Roaring Forties.

## LITERATURE

### INGENIOUS DR. STRODE

*The Poetical Works of William Strode, 1600-1645.* Edited by BERTRAM DOBELL. (Published by the Editor, 7s. 6d. net.)

THAT meagre heading does Mr. Dobell an injustice. Let us give his title-page in full: "The Poetical Works of William Strode (1600-1645) now first collected from manuscript and printed sources: to which is added The Floating Island, a tragi-comedy now first reprinted from the original edition of 1655. Edited by Bertram Dobell, with a memoir of the Author.

His body sleeps, but not his better part,  
And death is vanquished by victorious art.

Published by the Editor, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., 1907."

That is something like a title-page. It proclaims a discovery, gives some information about the contents of the volume, and lends a smack of the flavour of them before ever you begin to read. Moreover, it constitutes a pretty plain warning to the Laodicean reader, who will realise at once that there is no emotional titivation and no dinner-party display to be got out of Bertram Dobell and his William Strode.

Who was William Strode? He was the son of a good Devon house, and we have learned already from the title-page that he was born near the close of the reign of Elizabeth. Devon is a prolific county, and there were so many Strodes that even Mr. Dobell cannot say exactly where his William comes in. Westminster—Christ Church—B.A.—M.A.—B.D.—proctor—Public Orator—absentee rector of country parishes—Canon of Christ Church—D.D.—death—the shades—resurrection by Mr. Dobell: that is his entirely respectable and uninteresting history. The only "romance," as the newspapers would call it, comes right at the end, when Mr. Dobell, already famous as the keeper of the best old-book-shop in London and the discoverer of the Traherne pocket, hit upon and worked the Strode vein. Not twice in a lifetime, even to such daring and persistent diggers as Mr. Dobell, does it happen to a man to light on a Traherne pocket. The ore in the newly found vein is not nearly so rich, and there is a very great deal more rubbish mixed up with it. Still, the gold is there, and Mr. Dobell is only following the etiquette of the mining prospectus when he rings the bell (his merchant's mark) and clucks as loudly as ever he can over the egg he has laid.

Our metaphors are becoming sadly mixed. It is William Strode's fault; but to explain how, we must go back a few years.

Fat soil, full spring, sweet olive, grape of bliss,  
That yields, that streams, that pours, that dost distill,  
Untilled, undrawn, unstamped, untouched of press,  
Dear fruit, clear brooks, fair oil, sweet wine at will!

Those lines are not by Strode, but by a poet who was hanged at Tyburn for "treason" five years before Strode's birth—Robert Southwell. It was written in prison, with no thought of publication, and by a man whose last notion was to cultivate the Muse for the Muse's sake. In other words, it was the utterly sincere expression of the secret thoughts of a practically dying man—and yet it takes the form of similes painfully ingenious laboriously piled one on the other in antithesis. The single instance is sufficient to show the tyranny of a poetical form. Take the case of a writer who is not breathing his inmost thoughts to his Maker on the eve of death, but writing complimentary verses for the gratification or commemoration of the large circle of friends who delighted in his agreeable manners and pleasant wit—and that at a time when the fashion followed by Southwell was waning to its setting—and we should be prepared,

before reading the works of Strode, to vow that it could not be worth our while.

That would be to reckon without the truth of which Strode's work is a capital instance—that a man of mere accomplishment can, in certain conditions, produce poetry that is real poetry and not merely good verse :

One pitt contains him now that could not dye  
Before a thousand pitts in him did lye ;

Such a beginning to the epitaph on a gentleman who died of small-pox seems to the modern reader as funny as the delightful manuscript variant recorded by Mr. Dobell, which gives, instead of "pitts" in the second line, the word "pills." To say of a lady who had suffered from the same complaint that :

Love shott a thousand darts  
And made those pitts for graves to bury hearts,

seems little less unpleasantly fantastic than the statement made by another poet of the same century that the eruptions were weeping (*i.e.*, exuding matter) for the pain they caused their victim. And, once more, was it kind or poetical to write thus of a very stout man recently deceased ? :

Because of fleshly mould wee bee  
Subject unto mortality,  
Let noe man wonder at his death,  
More flesh he had, and then lesse breath.

Had you but seene him on his way  
To Church, his last blest Sabbath day ;  
His struggling soule did make such hast  
As if each breath would bee his last.  
Each bricke hee trod on, shrinking strove  
To make his grave and shew its love.

There we see the very worst of the ingenuity, the "wit," which had started with Lyly and the Euphuists, had dominated much of English poetry for a hundred years or more, and was only to be rejected after the Restoration, partly by the prevailing sound sense and partly by the diversion of wit into other channels. There, too, we learn the worst of Strode. It was (good, academical man!) his duty to write epitaphs for his friends, as it was the duty of their relatives to put up those monstrous, black-and-painted Jacobean and Caroline monuments which we see in country churches; and the days had gone by when, even in epitaphs, men could not write but with excellence. "Underneath this sable hearse"—it would not be fair to William Strode (1600-1645) to go on. Equally unfair would it be to quote the most glorious stanza of glorious John: "Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies." There are moments when 1600-1645, or at any rate 1620-1645, Strode's working years, seem the saddest period in our whole literary and national history. A decaying drama, the Elizabethan chorus of bird-notes failing voice by voice, a Puritanical land and a rebellious people, and the black January of 1649 growing terribly nearer.

The period, for all that, had its literary beauties, neither small nor few, and it is a pleasure to turn to that in William Strode which makes him worth Mr. Dobell's labour in printing his manuscript discoveries and searching the miscellanies of his day, makes him, indeed, almost worth the praise Mr. Dobell generously lavishes on him. Even his epitaphs can be good.

Sleepe pretty one : oh sleepe while I  
Sing thee thy latest Lullaby :  
And may my song be but as shee,  
Nere was sweeter Harmonie :  
Thou werte all musicke : all thy limbes  
Were but so many well sett hymnes  
To prayse thy Maker. In thy browe  
I read thy soule, and know not how  
To tell which whiter was or smother.

This is ingenious, but it is true "wit" and good poetry, and it shows very clearly that the accomplished versifier needs only to be touched by some genuine emotion to lift his accomplishment to something higher than itself.

Here is another instance of the just meeting of a thought and its expression.

O when will Cupid show such arte  
To strike two lovers with one darte ?  
I'm ice to him or hee to me ;  
Two hearts alike there seldom bee.

If thrice ten thousand meete together  
How scarce one face is like another !  
If scarce two faces can agree  
Two hearts alike there seldom bee.

The tendency of such poetry is always towards the epigrammatic, the pointed statement of clear-cut thoughts. What we miss in it is the "inevitability" of an Elizabethan lyric. Here we can see thought and expression fitting themselves to each other; they may, like the panels in a fine cabinet, be absolutely flush, but it is clear that they have been fitted together. An Elizabethan lyric seems to have sprung to life in one indivisible whole. Again, we miss in most of Strode's lyrics and those of his day the peculiar singing quality which in lyrics of the prime remains an unmistakable mark of direct descent from the world-old marriage of poetry and music. Even in Wyatt we hear the lute through the words. We can only catch it now and then in Strode; for instance in the song, "When Orpheus sweetly did complayne," or that "In Commendation of Musick," both delightful things and purely lyrical.

It is unfortunate for Strode and Mr. Dobell that there should be some little doubt about the authorship of two of the best poems in the volume. Part, at least, of the poem "To his Mistresse," "Keepe on your mask and hide your eye," has always been attributed to Carew; and Carew and Strode, as far as we are concerned, may fight it out between them. It is a question of pure scholarship. The case of the well-known poem on Melancholy, "Hence, hence, all you vaine delights," is a more serious matter. This poem appeared first in 1635. In 1647 it appeared again in the play *The Nice Valour*, which was partly Fletcher's work, and since then it has been commonly ascribed to Fletcher. Malone, however, was convinced that both this poem and the reply, "Returne my joyes, and hither bring," were Strode's, and he points out that Milton evidently took the hint of his "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" from them. Mr. Dobell, who marshals his arguments clearly, is strongly in favour of Strode, but cannot make out a convincing case from external evidence. The internal evidence is a matter on which every student of poetry is at liberty to form his own opinion. Our own feeling, after further consideration of Strode's reply and the test of his other poetry, is that he was not up to the level of this almost magical poem. And for this reason: vivid, graceful and musical as Strode can be, he is never great. His work never has the mysterious quality of great poetry, by virtue of which it opens windows, as it were, suggests the illimitable, excites not pleasure so much as wonder, as awe in the sudden presence of the universal. We find that quality in "Melancholy," and nowhere else in this volume.

We have left ourselves no space to deal with many of Strode's interesting features—his study of the country for its own sake, his jolly, humorous Devonshire poem, forerunner of a host of descriptions of the rustic in town, his delightful Chimney-sweeper's song, the academic jest on "Capps," and the historically interesting verses on the windows at Fairford. His play, too, which was acted before Charles and his Queen at the University and delighted Charles and bored the rest of the audience, is well worth study, partly for its sound blank verse, written in an age when blank verse was mainly too rugged or too sloppy, partly for its remarkable political wisdom.

The volume as a whole is a valuable addition to the literature of the first half of the seventeenth century, and we cannot but congratulate Mr. Dobell on the result of his labours. There will soon have to be a new word on the model of "graingerise": to "dobell."



## PLUTARCH AGAIN

New Classical Library. Edited by Dr. EMIL REICH. Plutarch's *Lives*, vol. iv. Translated by W. R. FRAZER. (Sonnen-schein, 3s. 6d. net.)

TEN of the *Lives* of Plutarch have already appeared in this series, which has been fortunate in securing as its editor the learned and brilliant Dr. Emil Reich. The *Lives* contained in this volume are those of Sertorius, Eumenes, Demetrius, Antonius, Galba, Otho—not among the most striking of the biographies except the last three. *Galba* and *Otho* have a great value as standing beside the narrative of Tacitus, but independent of it, though evidently flowing from a common source, probably Cluvius Rufus or C. Plinius. But by far the most interesting is the life of Mark Antony, by reason of the fact that the greatest of all poets drew from it so largely in his *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. Whatever other laurels the sage of Chaeronea has won—and they are many—his greatest boast is that he uncurtained the ancient world for Shakspeare. North's translation was first published in 1579, without which literature would have incurred the irreparable loss of those three amazing pictures of ancient Roman life, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*. The biographies of *Cæsar*, *Brutus*, and *Mark Antony* fired the imagination of the English poet and finely touched his spirit to fine issues, though he was twice removed from the original Greek: for North's version is not taken directly from Plutarch, but from the French translation of Amyot.

It is a delightful exercise for the mind to observe the way in which the great genius of the Elizabethan Age dealt with his materials. Sometimes he does little more than versify the English of North, as in the incomparable passage describing the death of Cleopatra (*Ant.* 85), which we give in the version of North:

Her death was very sudden, for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran hither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired, and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women which was called Iras dead at her feet: and her other woman called Charmian half dead and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her, "Is that well done, Charmian?" "Very well" said she again, "and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings." She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed.

We add Mr. Frazer's rendering, which is not inadequate, but lacks the *pretiosa vetustas* of the above:

The tragedy had been swift. The messengers came running up; and, finding that the guards had noticed nothing, they opened the doors and discovered the Queen already dead, stretched on a golden couch and decorated with the royal insignia. Of her women, the one called Iras was expiring near the Queen's feet, while Charmian, already staggering and stupefied, was arranging the crown upon the Queen's head. Somebody exclaimed angrily: "This is a fine business, Charmian!" "Very," she replied, "and befitting the descendant of so many kings." Then, without another word, she fell where she stood beside the couch.

Our readers will remember how the well-known Shakspearean passage reproduces all the grandeur of the Greek, not even omitting the soldier's protest:

Charmian, is this well done?

and the answer of "noble Charmian":

It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.

Sometimes North furnishes a mere hint which the poet elaborates, as in Mark Antony's funeral oration. North tells us how:

To conclude his oration he unfolded before the whole assembly the bloody garments of the dead, thrust through in many places with their swords, and called the malefactors cruel and cursed murderers.

## The Shakspearean passage is familiar:

You all do know this mantle; I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:  
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent:  
That day he overcame the Nervii.  
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:  
See what a rent the envious Casca made:  
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd.  
... This was the most unkindest cut of all,  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude more strong than traitors' arms  
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart,  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue  
(Which all the time ran blood) great Cæsar fell.  
... Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you, here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

The statue running blood is taken from another passage of Plutarch; the rest is the embroidery of the words quoted above.

The scene of Cleopatra on her barge is almost literally reproduced with here and there a delightful added touch. We wish we had space for the English (*Ant. and Cleop.* ii. 2, 195-222):

She sailed up the River Cydnus upon a gilded barge, with purple sails expanded to the breeze and rowers plying their silver oars to the tune of a flute accompanied by pipes and lutes. The Queen herself reclined beneath an awning of cloth of gold, adorned like Aphrodite in the pictures; and on either side of her stood little boys, got up like the Cupids represented in paintings, and engaged in fanning her. Her women, all striking beauties, were dressed as Nereids and Graces, and stationed, some at the helm, others at the ropes. The wonderful scents of a hundred different kinds of incense pervaded both banks of the stream. A crowd of people from the riverside accompanied the ship along either bank, and another crowd flocked down from the city to see the spectacle. The throng streamed forth from the forum of the town, until at last Antonius, seated upon the tribunal, was left alone. The word ran through every lip that Aphrodite was coming to revel with Dionysus for the good of Asia.

The rendering is spirited but not quite as dignified as the Greek. "Got up like Cupids" rather vulgarises "Ἐρωσὶν εἰκασμένοι". But much worse is "flabbergasted" (ch. 62), for *θορυβουμένον*, a word quite free from any taint of vulgarity. On the other hand, "persiflage" is too polite a rendering of *βωμολοχίας* (ch. 59), which seems to mean what would now be called "ragging." In ch. 57 there is a very happy rendering of the participle *δῆ*, "he was, if you please, an Athenian citizen." In the *Sertorius* (ch. 8) there is a pretty passage which seems to have struck Wordsworth when he alludes to a Roman who

Sick of life  
And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid  
On some green island of the western main.

These are the words (Mr. Frazer's version) in which is described an aspiration not characteristic of the storm and stress of ancient life. The islands referred to are probably the Canaries:

Here he met some sailors who had lately returned from a voyage to the Atlantic islands, which are two islands separated by a quite narrow strait, distant about 10,000 furlongs from Africa, and called the Happy Isles. Rainfall is there infrequent and moderate; and the winds are usually soft and humid. The land is not merely good and rich for agriculture and horticulture, but even produces fruit spontaneously and of sufficient abundance and lusciousness to maintain a population in idleness without toil or trouble. Thanks to the temperature and moderate variation in the seasons, the climate which prevails in the islands is never severe. The north and east winds, which blow off this continent of ours, having to travel so long a distance, are lost in the vast expanse, and fail before they reach the islands; while the south and west winds, playing about them, occasionally bring up from the sea mild showers, but usually refresh and gently nourish the earth by moisture-laden air. Hence arises the firm belief, which has penetrated even to the barbarians, that in these isles lies the Elysian Plain, and the home of the Blest, about which Homer sang. When he heard stories like these, Sertorius was seized with an extraordinary longing to dwell in these islands and live in peace, far removed from tyranny and unending war.

In another noble sonnet Wordsworth seems to have had in his mind the extraordinary passage in which Plutarch exults over the liberty given by Flamininus to Greece;

and proclaimed at the Isthmian games. It is strange that Plutarch should not have seen that liberty, which is presented to a country as a gift, and which therefore may be taken from her again, is no real liberty; there cannot be

A gift of that which is not to be given  
By all the blended powers of earth and heaven.

The excellence of the *Lives* is on the ethical side, not the political. One could not gather from Plutarch's *Gracchi* a conception of the real nature of the Gracchan revolution, nor from his *Cicero* of the Catilinarian conspiracy. In *Ant. 70* there is an amazing digression on the famous misanthrope Timon, in the course of which we read that

During a meeting of the Athenian Assembly, Timon is said to have mounted the platform—a proceeding so unusual that it produced profound silence and an air of great expectancy. Timon then spoke as follows: "Men of Athens, I have a little garden patch, and in this garden patch there grows a fig-tree, from which ere this many 'citizens' have dangled. As I intend to build on this spot, I want to give public notice of the fact, so that any of you who wish may dangle from the tree before it is cut down."

Mr. Frazer naturally remarks that it is hardly credible that the citizens of Athens habitually resorted to Timon's tree for the purpose of hanging themselves. Hence he thinks that there may have been figs called "citizens," as we call oysters "natives." The suggestion is ingenious and would be tenable if the Greek word had been *ἐκρεμάσαντο* or *ἐκρεμάσθησαν*, but unfortunately it is *ἀπήγγελλοντο*, which could not be applied to figs dangling from a tree.

The following extract from the narrative of Otho's suicide should be compared with the account of Tacitus (*Hist. ii. 47-49*). It will be seen that the two narratives are independent of each other, but have a common source:

Then, as soon as the man had left him, he held the sword, point upwards, beneath him with both hands, and fell upon it, giving no other sign of his anguish but a single groan, which was heard by those without. His slaves raised a loud wail, and instantly the whole camp and the city were filled with lamentations. With loud shouts his soldiers hastened to the doors, full of contrition, full of sorrow, reproaching themselves for not having guarded the Emperor and prevented him from dying for their sakes. Though the enemy were close at hand, not one of Otho's men deserted him. They laid out the body in state and built a pyre; and then, after vying with one another for the honour of shouldering and carrying his bier, they bore forth, through lines of armed soldiers, their Emperor to the tomb. Of the rest, some flung themselves upon the corpse and kissed the wound, others seized the nerveless hands, while others, afar off, prostrated themselves. Some, who had received no signal benefit from the dead and had no fear of being harshly treated by the conqueror, put a torch beneath the pyre and then slew themselves. Indeed, it seems as if no King or tyrant was ever filled with such a strange, mad passion to rule others, as these soldiers had to be ruled by Otho and obey him. Even when he was dead, the infatuation did not cease, but remained rooted in their hearts and turned at last to a deadly hatred against Vitellius.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

## JOURNALISM

*Pen, Patron and Public.* A Critical Survey. (Greening, 5s.)

THE author of this survey of the immediate past of English journalism is evidently familiar with his subject. He subjects it to a critical survey, excellent in all respects save that it leads him to a nebulous conclusion. Society journalism, of which he makes rather too much, appears to have had its day. When the *World* and *Truth* were established, society was exclusive and select. Paragraphs about its doings leaked into the papers, mostly from the back stairs. But Mr. Labouchere and the late Mr. Edmund Yates found means to change this. They were aided by the fact that the balance of influence was being shifted. Land fell in value, and many of its aristocratic owners were glad to journalise as an aid to livelihood. The new people emerging from commerce had no scruples against being advertised. Personal paragraphs were freely contributed by individuals who were in Society. The result has not been favourable to the newspapers which lived on

that kind of thing. After a generation of "celebrities at home" and all the phrase implies, the doings, habits, and modes of dukes, earls, barons and baronets have become so generally known that the best column of "Court and Society news" is no longer the draw it once was. Hence the Society papers of to-day have ceased to command any very great attention. What strikes us most on looking back is the greater individualism of the editors who now have ceased to hold the reins. J. T. Delane during his tenure of office governed the *Times*. "The sequel of his departure," says our author, "was chaos in Printing House Square," and he goes on to give it as his opinion that while the accuracy of its commercial information and its demonstrable incorruptibility still render its position unassailable, the absence of a strong directing mind is evident. To Mr. W. H. Mudford, of the *Standard*, he scarcely does justice. During his prime there was not an abler, more vigilant, more enterprising Editor. His life and character were in direct contrast to those of Mr. Douglas Cook, a still more renowned Editor, whose death once more proved that the greatness of a journal often depends on an individual. Our critic quotes the *Spectator* as another example. It came to its kingdom in the day of the late R. H. Hutton. Since then he considers that it has sunk into being the "Mrs. Gummidge of the Press." He points a similar moral from the history of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, its establishment by Mr. Frederick Greenwood and its subsequent editorship by personalities so diverse as those of Mr. John Morley, Mr. W. T. Stead, and Mr. Harry Cust. The mere names of the men we have alluded to suggest a striking contrast between them and those who sit in the editorial chairs to-day. It would appear that the energies of the latter have been directed into an entirely different channel. No one who knows them would say that the men of the 'sixties and 'seventies were lacking in business ability, but what distinguished them still more was the power to mould and shape public opinion. Alike in matters of politics and literature their word carried weight if it were not always law. Ministers had to take Printing House Square into account, and even a Bismarck thought it worth a sacrifice to secure the friendship of a London evening paper. But the Editor of to-day is not like that. After the last election Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is said to have addressed a great newspaper proprietor in words like this—we write from hearsay, and do not guarantee verbal accuracy:

Yes, you have succeeded in your desires, you have a circulation of millions, you have amassed unbounded wealth, there is not one of your wishes but you can have fulfilled and yet—your influence is not worth that!

with a snap of his finger. The reason is that the energies of newspapers are concentrated on the collection and presentation of news. Each department is done by its own expert. Where sport, for instance, was often reported in the old days by some one who had risen from the case and knew nothing of his subject, to day we have the old footballer and cricketer and tennis player and oarsman reporting each his several pastime. From important foreign affairs to the petty cases at the police-court the doings of men are chronicled with a copiousness and general accuracy unreachd by an earlier generation. So much is this the case that the collector of "dilapidated scraps of *gobemoucheerie*" takes himself seriously as responsible for "matter laboriously acquired and skillfully treated." The newspaper of to-day is run on more commercial lines than its predecessor. Journalists used to have a high, sometimes an inflated idea of the importance of their calling. They either worked their paper for the furtherance of political and moral principles or they pretended to. Our generation is more cynical and frank. It is stated plainly of the best newspapers that they are run for gain and nothing else. To order the collection of news on one side and that of advertisements on the other is the whole duty of those who fill the shoes of knights errant of the press, many of whom made every personal and pecuniary sacrifice in order that the ideas dearer to



them than worldly prosperity should prevail. To-day gain is the frankly avowed object of the modern newspaper proprietor, and the results are not very satisfactory to any but those who have no other than the commercial standard. It is not very reassuring to watch the tireless industry with which morning, evening and weekly journals garner and present to their readers "dilapidated scraps of *gobemoucherie*," only instead of dilapidated scraps huge slabs would be a more correct rendering in the case of the worst offenders.

### AN APOSTATE'S APOSTROPHE

*Church and State in France, 1300-1907.* By ARTHUR GALTON.  
(Arnold.)

THE familiar line, "Woodman spare that tree!" might serve as the text for a complete treatise for the use of woodmen upon the multiple and, until within recent years, little suspected evils of deforestation, in which it would be pointed out that the woodman, after felling and uprooting the Tree for the purpose of making a small clearing of cultivable land whereon to grow wheat or potatoes for the support of himself and his family had, in all probability, been ignorant of the real significance of his act; and this because he knew little or nothing of the history of the tree, of the part that it had played for perhaps a thousand years, and, at the moment of its destruction, was still playing in the economy of nature. With a deplorable absence of the historic sense the woodman would have hacked and hewed, congratulating himself that he was getting rid of a useless, old, or rotten tree, which had never served any more definable purpose than that of preventing the rays of the sun, by its ample foliage and sturdy branches, from reaching the soil below; and it would have to be explained to him that Swift's famous maxim as to the supreme gratitude owed by humanity to the man who made a blade of grass grow where none had grown before was no longer universally accepted by men of sense or science; that the Tree, though the woodman might not be aware of it, was more important to civilised society than himself; that its destruction might tend to changes in climatic conditions which would be dangerous to agriculture, including the potato crop; that the systematic destruction of the Tree had, strangely enough, some subtle connexion with the lowest and most bloodthirsty forms of religious fanaticism; witness the deforestation and consequent ruin of Greece by the Turks, and of Algeria by the Arabs. Then the woodman would be told of the zealous propaganda carried on of recent years by M. Pierre Baudin, an eminent French Radical politician, and a former Minister of Public Works, who in the press and on public platforms is constantly urging the reforestation of France, being backed up in his appeal by an important union of French economists and agriculturists, who from investigation and bitter experience know too well that the destruction of the Tree stops the proper alimentation of rivers and causes them to silt, whereby navigation is interrupted and industry and commerce are threatened with ruin. And he would learn also of "Arbor Day" founded in the United States by a philanthropic Yankee for the purpose of educating by means of popular *fêtes*, children, and particularly woodmen's children, in the love and veneration of the Tree, part of whose semi-divine task it is to hold up mountains, and call down the blessed rain. But the chances are that all such arguments would rattle vainly on his skull, because he would have no conception of the past, or prevision of the future: he would, in fact, be totally lacking in the historic sense.

It is this traditional attitude of the woodman with an axe that Mr. Galton adopts towards that mightily ancient and most venerable tree of faith whose shadow is spread over every civilised quarter of the globe and a goodly proportion of the uncivilised remainder, and which is the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Galton has but one cry in his heart:

Down with the Pope! And he draws a lurid and altogether too black a picture of the Vatican, whose mistakes and follies and crimes, extending over the last eight centuries, he relates with a never failing gusto, to the exclusion of any recognition of the good that it has done or even tried to do. That the Vatican, whatever faults may be charged against it, has, nevertheless, been the faithful custodian of those great religious and moral truths or principles upon which modern Christian society is based—a treasure which might otherwise have been lost—is an extenuating circumstance in its favour, which should, one would imagine, influence the mind and attenuate the verdict of the most uncompromising Protestant. The impartial historian certainly cannot overlook this side of the question. But Mr. Galton does, and he does so with such patent sincerity and straightforwardness that we cannot for a moment accuse him of wilfully misrepresenting facts. He is simply the woodman with the axe, hewing and hacking, principally hacking, at the roots of that great ethical and political institution the Roman Catholic Church; blindly and even madly, for he forgets that if his one-sided story were true it would constitute the most terrible requisitory that has ever yet been written, not only against the Papacy, but against Christianity and humanity at large. It was the clergy, Mr. Galton tells us, unconsciously plagiarising a well-known passage in *The Importance of being Ernest*, who were responsible for "the worst excesses of the French Revolution."

But Mr. Galton's chief complaint against the Papacy is its absolutism and reactionary spirit. "It knows," he says, "that it must dominate human liberty, or abdicate and disappear." And he would have us believe that this principle is at the basis of its dispute with the French Government, and the inspiring cause of the recent disestablishment of the Church in France. In order to demonstrate this theme Mr. Galton has written a brief and sprightly account from the "no-papery" point of view of the relations between France and Rome since 1300. To this task he has brought no special knowledge from independent investigation or research; he is erudite only in the sense of having read and easily digested a large number of books by other writers, some of whom, however, notably M. Debidour, who is his French oracle, are by no means the prophets in their own country that Mr. Galton represents them to be. In this review of eight centuries of French ecclesiastical history Mr. Galton makes but one original discovery, namely, that the "constitution civile du clergé," which he reproaches Carlyle for overlooking, was the purest expression ever formulated of the Gallican ideal. "It made a logical application of those principles by which the Gallican Church had been administered for many centuries." And, of course, Mr. Galton blames Pius the Sixth for condemning it. This question of Gallicanism, however, constitutes, so it seems to us, the hard knot in the tree, by striking which Mr. Galton, perfidious woodman, has effectually blunted his axe. It is noticeable that he has practically nothing to say about Americanism—the word does not even figure in his index. And yet Americanism, which is an ever growing force in the Catholic Church, and to whose secret influence the election of the present Pope was due, is a living proof that Catholicism is an evolving and not a reactionary institution. Strictly analysed, of course, the expressions "Gallicanism" and "Americanism" contain a contradiction in terms if applied to a Catholic faith, for it is obvious that no church which is specifically Gallican or American can at the same time be Catholic. But while Gallicanism, which was never more than the present individualism, and therefore rightly condemned as incompatible with the Papal authority, is now only represented by the pitiable schism of M. Hyacinthe Loyson, the particular views of Cardinal Gibbons, of Archbishop Ireland, and of Bishop Spaulding in America, shared in France by Abbés Klein and Loisy, and to which the designation of "Americanism" has been loosely applied, represent a real and progressive movement in Catholicism to-day. The "American"

theory, first dimly indicated by Lamennais and elaborated by Hecker, proclaims that once Papal infallibility has been definitely established as the basis of the Catholic faith and the Church by that dogma secured in its authority, the Pope can grant those concessions to modern liberalism which he has hitherto been obliged in self-defence to withhold. Let it be understood that we hold no brief for this doctrine or indeed any other. It is undoubtedly viewed with disfavour by the present Pope, having been condemned by the Jesuits, but its existence shows the power of evolution which even ultramontaniam possesses; and when the Vatican obtains a little breathing space from the results and respite from the attacks at present being made upon it from so many different sides, Americanism may well be introduced within the sphere of practical Romanism. The Papal claim to infallibility represents to the impartial observer, though we fear not to Mr. Galton, a distinct and most important evolution in Catholicism, which it would be false and even puerile to describe as reactionary. It is, in fact, a gigantic step in advance upon the old incongruous Romanism which left the Church weak and almost defenceless against the assaults of her enemies. It brushes away many of the doctrinal cobwebs of the middle ages, and is as much an advance upon the theology of Leo X. as is the Imperialism of Mr. Chamberlain upon that of Cromwell. The claim of the Papacy to exercise international jurisdiction in matters spiritual, which are always in a measure inseparable from matters temporal, implies nothing, moreover, which any one can describe as reactionary, or which is not, in point of fact, intensely modern. Every day internationalism is substituting itself more and more surely for a narrow nationalism in the affairs of the world. The Jews, with their racial and religious freemasonry, exercise international jurisdiction in the matter of finance and in all the great political problems, and these are the vast majority with which finance is bound up. The Lodges are international, and no one can deny the occult command which they exercise in the French Chamber. Socialism is also an international power. M. Clemenceau is far too experienced and practical a statesman to have dreamed for one moment that by disestablishing the Church in France he would efface, or even lessen, the influence of the Pope upon French public affairs. His chief aim, as was that of M. Combes, was to ingratiate himself with certain political groups for the sake of securing, and then remaining in, office. No one in his senses could accuse M. Ribot, M. Rouvier, or M. Delcassé, all of whom looked with disfavour upon the Separation Law, of approving a situation which, according to the Rev. Mr. Galton, tended to hand over France, bound and helpless, into the clutches of the arch enemy of Human Liberty.

It is a lack of the historic sense which is the fault of the Rev. Mr. Galton's work on the relations between Church and State in France. He has written an elaborate pamphlet rather than an historical study, but his special pleading constitutes a clear and precise *exposé* of the case which the plaintiff French Government has brought against the Pontiff of Rome, and which it is for Christians in all countries to judge, so far at least as its moral and social aspects are concerned. He is an eloquent *advocatus diaboli*, he wields his woodman's axe with eloquence and skill, and being also an accurate compiler and translator, his book deserves a place upon the student's shelf. It would have been more complete had he noted the fact that the Separation Law has not been extended to Algeria and given us the reasons why.

#### "MALOMBRA"

*The Woman of Malombra.* By ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

THE justification of the publisher's issue of a new translation of the novel "Malombra" is to be found in the interest that has been awakened in Antonio Fogazzaro

by the success in this country of "The Saint." The appeal of the Italian writer to English readers is not without its significance. Curiosity about "The Saint" was, of course, stimulated by the fact that the book was placed on the Index Expurgatorius. But although the Papal censure frequently proves an excellent advertisement for a bad book, it seldom suffices to create a demand for a good book. Antonio Fogazzaro is essentially a serious writer. He has not the art of the novel as we understand it in England. With him the story is not the main thing. It is a vehicle for expressing certain definite ideas and convictions. Religion with Fogazzaro is a matter of supreme importance. All else is secondary and subservient. An atmosphere of devotion, of reverent and genuine piety pervades the pages of his books. It is impossible to escape it.

But although the author's main purpose in writing is to teach he brings to his work other qualities than those which inspire the ordinary preacher. Deeply concerned as he is with man's spiritual side, he is a close and accurate observer of the life about him. He does not shut his eyes to hard facts. He is a strange admixture of realist and idealist, a combination of artist, poet, philosopher and man of the world. He is alive to the brute in man and has sounded dark depths of painful thoughts. He is painfully aware of the inanity of human nature, but he sees more in things than lie on the surface. He pants for the unknown and feels within himself an immensity of longing that earth cannot satisfy. Conscious of the underlying sadness of things he is keenly sensitive to beauty. He feels the charm of evening, of great cities, of forests, of immense lonely spaces, no less than the charm of a face, of a word or a smile, of an action or movement of the soul. There is nothing immature in his work. A vast wealth of material is at his disposal, and although reticence can hardly be claimed as a quality of his writing, there is subtly conveyed to the reader the impression that behind his utmost exuberance lies genuine power, that he has in fact more to say than he can or will ever quite reveal. With so many and varied excellences it is not surprising that the novels of Fogazzaro should make a profound impression on those who expect to find in their fiction nothing but the flippancies of the fleeting hour. We have, of course, our "serious" novelists in England, and the work of Fogazzaro may be claimed to have some affinity with that of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Mallock, Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, and others. But there is a wide humanity of sentiment about the work of the Italian novelist which marks out its essential difference from those of our writers whose appeal is mainly to "the elect."

As a novel "Malombra" does not exhibit Fogazzaro at his best. It is less mature than "Daniel Cortis," the story following it which brought the author immediate fame, less absorbing in its interest than "the Saint." Although it deals with the great and universal passions of mankind common to all races and countries, it is rather with what may be called the local aspect of them that the story is concerned. The idea of the vendetta, the thirst for revenge persisting through the ages is not one which makes an immediate appeal to the Anglo-Saxon people. It is too remote from their ordinary experience. To the Latins, however, with the past ever at their elbow, the idea is natural and perennial. In "Malombra" Fogazzaro works out the theme relentlessly and remorselessly, never shrinking from the situations of horror to which he is led.

In the splendid gloom of its setting, in the inevitableness of its happenings, the story has something of the dignity and haunting power of Greek tragedy. The action takes place at a lonely mysterious castle inhabited by an old noble, Count Caesar d'Ormengo. After a life of some wildness he has settled down as a recluse to devote himself to scientific research. A disturbing element is, however, introduced into his home when he adopts his orphan niece, Marina di Malombra, a beautiful, highly strung girl



steeped in modernity. Filled with the joy of life she finds herself cramped on all sides by the monotony of her new life. Thrown back upon herself she spends her time in reading and self-analysis. A book on metempsychosis fires her imagination and she enters upon an anonymous correspondence with its author. Shortly afterwards it happens that this same author, Corrado Silla, comes to the castle as secretary to the old count. By a trick of coincidence he learns the identity of his anonymous correspondent whom from her letters he has already come to love. But love is not for Marina. Another and a fiercer passion has taken possession of her. She has conceived a deadly hatred for her uncle, and of this hatred Corrado Silla also obtains his share. The flame of her passion is fanned by the traditions of the castle. Some years ago—in the very suite of rooms which Marina has chosen for her own—was imprisoned the unhappy lady Cecilia, of the race of Malombra. For some trifling indiscretion her husband had shut her up in the castle where at last she had died mad, it was said, breathing vengeance on the race of Ormengo. In a secret drawer of an escritoire Marina comes across a letter from Cecilia declaring her intention to reincarnate herself in the body of some living woman and thus execute vengeance on the hated family. The idea possesses Marina until she comes to believe herself the reincarnation of Cecilia charged with her mission of vengeance. From this point horror succeeds horror. Marina kills the count, shoots Corrado Silla, and finally throws herself into the lake.

Told thus in bare outline the story would appear merely a morbid tragedy. It is the treatment of Fogazzaro that redeems it and gives to it distinction. There are several points in the story which are especially characteristic of the author. He does not exalt the love of woman to the place of supreme importance in man's life. It is only a step in the development of a celestial passion. Man must work out his own salvation through bitterness and disillusion. He must fight a manly fight, falling every now and again, but rising once more wounded to renew the contest. Of the ultimate victory the author is in no doubt, and he closes his book of gloom with a note of hope.

He knew [he writes of Corrado Sella] that he was going to his longed-for rest and he knew also, in that clearness of vision to which he was now attaining, that he was loved at last in accordance with his dreams on earth by a strong, tender heart which would be true to him till the end. In the light beyond the grave the injustice of this world yielded place to a vision of order and benevolence and wisdom.

This is the note of divine idealism which sounds in all Fogazzaro's work. It is to this invincible faith that he owes his power.

## THE LIBRARY TABLE

*The Oxford Treasury of English Literature.* By G. E. HADOW and W. H. HADOW. Vol. II.: *The Growth of the Drama.* (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.)

THIS volume of well-chosen selections from the works of English dramatists starts from the Miracle Plays and Moralities and goes down to Ford's *Perkin Warbeck*. The period covered from the first miracle play quoted to the end of the volume thus amounts to only rather less than four hundred years. It begins when English dramatic literature becomes articulate and follows it in its growth and development to the period of its greatness and splendour which culminated in Shakespeare. No plays of Shakespeare are included in the selection because it is explained that the plays of Marlowe, Webster, Ben Jonson and the other Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists should be read in each case concurrently with one or two plays of Shakespeare. The volume is in fact intended as a companion to the study of Shakespeare, and is therefore classified into three divisions—Tragedies, Comedies

and Histories. In all, selections from eighteen plays are given. The introductions to the various parts of the book are most valuable and scholarly, and contain a really noble and stimulating appreciation of Marlowe and of Webster, that wonderful sombre genius whose place is surely on the very level of Shakespeare himself.

The editors show their taste and judgment by giving the *White Devil* rather than the *Duchess of Malfi* as the greatest example of Webster's genius. It is undoubtedly the finer play of the two, and in its own line has never been surpassed by anything in English literature. No apology is needed for the omission from the volume of any work of Cyril Tourneur. His best play, *The Revenger's Tragedy*, is very poor stuff indeed, and the coupling together of Tourneur and Webster in the "Mermaid" series of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists edited by the late Mr. John Addington Symonds has always seemed to us misleading and uncritical. They have really nothing in common except that they both wrote tragedies. One was a superb creative genius and the other was a second-rate playwright. Mr. Symonds, for all his charm and great erudition, had an irritating trick of patronising great men of genius. He exercised it in the case of Webster as in the case of Benvenuto Cellini. Messrs. G. and W. Hadow are pleasantly free from this vice of the editor. Their book is everything that it should be, and will be of the utmost value to all intelligent students.

*The Making of a Merchant.* By HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM. (Nash, 2s. 6d. net.)

This is the most vital book on business ever published. It sets forth the principles which have made millions and a great firm world famous. Never has so valuable a guide to fortune been offered to the young man entering mercantile life.

THUS, the publisher, on the cover of this book, advertises his wares with all the grace and elegance of the vendor of an Omnipotent Pill, guaranteed to cure a fractured collar-bone, appendicitis or housemaid's knee. Is there some subtle connection between this forthright English and the precepts which the author of this Panacea for Poverty sets forth? We look for the imprint and fail to find one. Our surmise is, we believe, correct: the blatant self-advertisement comes from the land of tabloids and dollars. And the book is written in terms of dollars, not in terms of life—not even in terms of pounds, shillings and pence. It is not "the most vital book on business ever published"; and a more valuable guide to fortune has been "offered to the young man entering mercantile life." The "most vital book on business" and the most valuable "guide to fortune"—we do not say dollars—which can be "offered to the young man . . . etc." is the Bible and his own moral sense, if he possess one. The book before us is unlikely to prove of the slightest value to anybody. It may, on the other hand, make dollars for the author. Does life, to him, mean anything else?

*The Parson's Burden.* By the Author of "The Perplexed Parson." (Chapman & Hall, 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS delightful little volume contains nine papers on subjects of vital interest not only to the parson, but to every one who considers seriously the things that matter. The author is a man of wide understanding, if not of wide knowledge, and his rare humour and breadth of mind save him from the charge of being commonplace or dull on subjects that figure usually in literature that, to the average layman, is commonplace and dull. He is a parson who is fond of Ruskin and equally fond of Browning, and he has all Browning's sublime optimism and spaciousness in dealing with great and simple and facts and beliefs, and something of his crabbedness in dealing with great and abstruse facts and beliefs: he will, for instance, upon occasion, spoil an open-air effect by placing in it a hot-house plant. This defect, however, is seldom noticeable, and though his style is often crude, much may be forgiven him for the insight which he shows into every subject he

touches on. For the most part he is content to drive home simple truths which, from their very simplicity, are apt to be overlooked, but here and there, as in the first and sixth essays, he has much to say that is valuable and suggestive. Perhaps the best essay in the book is "Gallio and the Schools," but we would advise every parson—every minister of God, rather, whether he belong to the Plymouth Brethren, the Church of England, or the Church of Rome—to read "Potted Talk." It is not the most profound of the author's discussions, but it is—with the possible exception of "The Father in God"—the most vital. With all that he says we are not in agreement, and we think that he underestimates the value of personality in the pulpit and out of it (for Potted Talk is not by any means confined to the pulpit); but it will make men think. The book, indeed, is one which we would not willingly have missed. It is human; the book of a man who knows that the man who—to adapt Browning's lines—can:

bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,  
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,  
Then up again swim into light, having based him his palace well,  
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs,

is a greater than he who is spotless, never having encountered temptation.

### BLUNDERBORE

IDEAS, especially ideas connected with the Fine Arts, are quite often born in England; but a fresh idea about anything is always branded as illegitimate with us and dies from strangulation or neglect, unless sent over to be weaned in France, that dear country and benign foster-mother of intellect. The young bastard grows up strong and well and then is smuggled over one day when no one is looking, just as if he was one of the Tauchnitz edition. Like the Irishman, he gazes on his native shore for the first time, but he does not recognise it; the cut is reciprocated; English criticism brings out a sort of unrepealed Aliens Act from the recesses of its hollow mind; it invokes the public to resist the insidious *French* idea, which, it foresees, will undermine all that is "best and brightest" in English literature. Thus we greeted the Barbazon painters, those natural children of Constable when they first crossed the channel: thus we greeted the impressionists, Monet and Sisley, who claimed Turner for their august parentage: thus we greeted the humbler art of colour-poster printing learned, according to a French authority, "at London in the atelier of Monsieur Edmond Evans." One of our chief debts to France is that she nourishes our ideas, transforms them, makes them her own, just as she transplanted and transmuted the flower of the Renaissance in an earlier day. With all our national vanity we never dispute the parentage. It is only territory and diplomatic prestige and commerce about which we quarrel with our "sweet enemy." Paris is the cradle, or rather the intellectual crèche of Europe. We can leave our ideas there with perfect safety, and they will come back to us in all the radiance of youth—royalists, socialists, chauvinists, clericals, freethinkers—but citizens of the Third Republic. How grievous, therefore, to find Paris turned into a dispensary for quack nostrums which we rightly discarded long ago. We are inventing others. America is our only lawful competitor.

If Dr. Max Nordau after his success with "Degeneration" (in which he rivalled the fat boy of Pickwick) had come and lived in the land of Alfred Austin and Hall Caine and Mr. Wake Cooke, and written his new book ("On Art and Artists," Unwin, 7s. 6d. net) in English, all would have been well. A people which welcomed Gustave Doré as a great painter will welcome Max Nordau as a great philosopher and a great critic. A graceful method of returning the courtesies of France, to

which I have referred, is to offer ourselves as a waste-paper basket and a voluntary dust-bin for Paris. But "Art and Artists" is entirely spoilt for us owing to the super-scription, "translated by W. F. Harvey, M.A." The translation is so admirable that, taken with the sentiments, and the folly, and the moralising, and the platitudes, and the shallow erudition, the book might have been written in English, for English readers only, to be translated one day for a French public. Why spoil the illusion by the intrusion of a translator's identity? I claim Nordau for England; I annex him; let London be his Zion: our people shall be his people: our god is his god. I will send Mr. Zangwill to Paris instead. He is much too clever for us. He ridicules Zionism. Naughty, naughty Mr. Zangwill.

As everybody writes on Art, and even a superficial knowledge on the subject is a positive embarrassment, there is no reason why Dr. Max Nordau should not have his innings. But I suspect him of painting in water-colours, a peculiarly English accomplishment which we know to be a passport for "really knowing about art": just as if an ability to swim made you an authority on marine zoology. Still, he might have been more amusing and more sensational as in the fearless old fashion of "Degeneration." His first chapter, entitled "The Social Mission of Art," suggests vast reflections under which the ordinary intelligence staggers. Dr. Nordau's is no exception: like an unskilful porter he sways beneath some one else's luggage; the weary pigmy reels on. He meets well-worn statements with commonplace negatives, and reiterates the commonplaces of the art historian and archaeologist. There is hardly a line of criticism in the whole book which is therefore impossible to criticise. "The theory of Art for Art's Sake," he says, "I deem false and a hall mark of crass ignorance, for psychology and the history of civilisation and art, the history of all arts prove irrefutably the vanity and worthlessness of the concept that denies to art any other task and mission than that of being beautiful." This is Mrs. Gampscolding Betsy Prig. Dear, dear is all I can say. "The hall mark of crass ignorance" is, in this graceful sentence, awarded, unconsciously perhaps, to most French critics, to our own Walter Pater, to Whistler and a number of Dutch and Venetian artists needless to name. The rest of the essay is a sort of refutation of the limited, but brilliant exposition of an artist's function given by Whistler in his famous "Ten o'clock." But this does not prove that Dr. Nordau ever read the lecture. The thoughtful reader should now skip a few chapters (which can be studied subsequently) in order to read the portentous nonsense entitled "Whistler's Psychology." The two articles were probably written for different newspapers; it is the "hall mark" of the successful journalist that he should always be able to adapt himself to the orders of his editor and the feeling of his proprietors. Perhaps Dr. Nordau had not "got up" his Whistler when he was writing the "Social mission of art." He is still rather "rocky" about the English pre-Raphaelites who "imitate the tone of old frescoes and faded Gobelins." Here it is quite easy to trace the genesis of error. Some one has told Dr. Nordau, though he does not say so, that Puvis de Chavannes is the "French Burne-Jones" a favorite periphrasis flung by critics at this painter when they had not used it for Gustave Moreau. Puvis undoubtedly painted in a low key, as Dr. Nordau is always reminding us. He also painted on canvas as a substitute for fresco. In France, Burne-Jones is the best known of the pre-Raphaelite school and William Morris is well known as a maker of tapestries. There you have this intricate error, unpacked. Fancy poor Morris being accused of imitating Gobelins; imagine Millais, Rossetti, and Mr. Holman Hunt with his rainbow palette being accused of imitating faded frescoes! No wonder the art of Gleyre appears severe and painfully upright to Dr. Nordau; while the recent exhibition of Ruskin's exquisite drawings at the Fine Art Society comes as an almost ironical comment to the statement "that Ruskin appreciated only draughtsman-



ship, his mind never went beyond contour." In short Dr. Nordau plumps for Whistler but I shall be glad to know what some of his sitters, happily still with us, think of the following passage.

These perverted whimsical beauties wear remarkable and personal toilettes which except the face and often the hands, reveal not a finger's breadth of skin, yet, in spite of the interposition of silk and lace cry out for the fig-leaf. They are bundles of sick nerves that, from the crowns of their heads to the tips of their fingers, seem to thrill with Sadic Excitement.

I have quoted this passage because it is the pivot of all Dr. Nordau's writing. He is always anxious to extract unpleasantness from unlikely subjects. He is the drawing-room phonographist. In the shop windows of booksellers formerly resident in Holywell Street you may still see "Degeneration" on a little shelf along with the adventures of "Miss Hill," "Maria Monk," the "Fruits of Philosophy" and other engaging works. But they are all expurgated editions, and might safely be ordered at the *Times* Book Club. I can hardly promise such an immortality for "Art and Artists," and if readers will turn to the seemingly insolent essays on Rodin or Puvis de Chavannes they will hear the pathetic cry of the papal soprano, the wail of the incompetent man railing at his more capable contemporaries. "How future generations will laugh over all this buffoonery of nerve art," says Dr. Nordau. He protests too little. His buffoonery, though it has its pathetic side, is quite as ridiculous now as it is ever likely to be in the future.

ROBERT ROSS.

## NURSERY RHYMES

THERE is hardly any form of literature which makes so universal appeal to us all as the nursery rhyme. Nursery rhymes are the first things we learn and the last things we forget. They are the common ground on which every one meets. The man or woman who never reads a line of poetry and to whom the fascination of rhyme is a sealed book, will yet remember these infantile jingles. "Lives there a man with a soul so dead"—that he has never felt a slight thrill of gratified and grateful emotion when the words of "Baa baa Black Sheep" or "Mary, Mary, quite contrary" were suddenly brought before his eyes or waited to his ears? I trow not. I confess to being very sensitive about nursery rhymes and to resenting very strongly the only too common mutilation of the words as I knew them. Whether the version originally imparted to me is the correct one or not I have no means of knowing, but at any rate I cling to it and regard it, and shall continue to regard it, as the authentic one in every case. For example in the rhyme of Simple Simon, I remember the two last lines of the first verse as follows: "Said the pieman unto Simon, 'Show me first your penny,' said Simple Simon to the pieman, 'Indeed, I have not any.'" In the collection of nursery rhymes before me (The Nursery Song Book collected, edited, and harmonised by H. Keatley Moore, Mus. Bac.) the words are altered into, "Sir I have not any" instead of "indeed I have not any." The change is very trifling but it is quite enough to spoil the version in my eyes. Little Jack Horner again surely "pulled out a plum" while in the present collection we are told that he *took* out a plum, which is obviously a debased and corrupt reading, wantonly and needlessly sacrificing the alliteration. Again the rhyme as I have always heard it is: "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?" not "Mistress Mary quite contrary." I don't pretend to know that my version is right, but it is surely the usually accepted one and any one who alters it should produce good authority for the alteration. It is much to be regretted that there is not one authorised version of these rhymes to which every one who proposed to reissue them could turn. It is, of course, probable that most of the nursery rhymes were originally handed down by oral

tradition, and that it would be impossible to come to an exact decision as to what is the true text in each case. But one generally accepted version could be compiled and the alternative readings which have any weight of age or tradition to sanctify them could be appended. At present the nursery rhymes are at the mercy of any one with an imperfect memory or a bad ear for rhythm. Every year scores of volumes of them are turned out, and in some cases they are altered almost beyond recognition. The collection in question is, on the whole, better than most of those recently issued, but it is not satisfactory. The illustrations by Mary Sandheim are not remarkable, though quite inoffensive, and the traditional tunes have been kept, but they are harmonised without skill or feeling. It would be most unfair to pick out this particular book for reprobation; it is certainly no worse than many, but it falls very far short of what a nursery rhyme book might be. It is most curious that no scholar on the one hand and no musician on the other has taken in hand a really careful selection and arrangement of the rhymes that our children are still brought up on. As an example of what can be done in this direction I should like to draw attention to a collection of French rhymes. It is called "Sonnez les Matines; chansons de jeu et rondes enfantines." It is illustrated with real taste and beauty by George Delaw, and the way in which the old traditional melodies have been arranged by Gabriel Pierné is nothing less than masterly. The old words and the old airs have been religiously respected, and adorned with apparently childish simple accompaniments which are nevertheless pure masterpieces of cunning counterpoint. Anything more skilful and pleasing than the arrangement of "Il était une Bergère" it would be hard to find, and equally charming is the arrangement of "A Paris, à Paris, sur un petit cheval gris." This latter is, of course, intended to be sung to a child on one's knee, and at the end of each verse the singer says "au pas, au pas, au pas; au trot, au trot, au trot; au galop, au galop, au galop," in each case imitating the action of the horse. English parents who try it on their children will be surprised to find how popular it is, and what a universal thing language is to the very young. Those of us who lived in France as children, or cherish memories of French nurses, will always feel the charm of these old French songs, with their tenderness and their wistful gaiety. Could anything be better or more pleasant for children of any nationality than to learn them, and sing them, and play the games that they illustrate, for they are nearly all games, as in the case of "Mon beau chateau," which is played by children dancing in a ring, "A ma main droite j'ai un rosier," which is a variant of the same game, or "Les Chevalier du Gnet," which is played by two companies of children, one representing "La Garde," and the other "Le Chevalier" and his followers, and which with its splendid tune and fascinating refrain, "Gai, gai dessus le quai," is one of the gems of this collection? The little volume is prefaced by Madame Edmond Rostand in a quaint rondeau which is a *tour de force*, worthy of the best efforts of the facile pen of her distinguished husband. I wish that this delightful book would stimulate some one, or rather some two or three, in England to do the same sort of thing for our English nursery rhymes. We want an editor of taste who is also a scholar and who will give the time and trouble necessary to secure the best and most authentic versions of the text of the rhymes; we want an illustrator who possesses humour without vulgarity and who realises that it is possible to be what children call funny, without ceasing to be what grown-up people call "pretty," and *vice versa*; and, lastly, we require a first-rate musician who is not heavy handed and who does not want to "show off." Is this too much to expect in "this so-called twentieth century"?

A. D.

## THE MARK OF THE BEAST

So it has come. The worst has happened. We might have hoped that this at least would have been spared to us. But it was not to be. The ballet has been captured by the enemy. It has become a medium for advertisement. We have for some time watched with horror the encroachments of the modern shrieking advertiser. We have seen the daily papers one by one succumbing to his insidious tempting. We have looked on while the best positions in the papers were gradually usurped by him. We have tracked his trail in leading articles and in general news. We have found him triumphant in the pulpit and heard up-to-date bishops booming bad books. We have gazed with horror from the railway carriage window at landscapes defiled and scenery spoilt. In the streets we are confronted by dreadful hoardings at every street corner, while if we gaze heavenwards our eyes are shocked by sky-signs and suspended balloons. At night great dazzling, blinking legends confront our weary eyes. Even at restaurants we are not immune, and we recognise the mark of the beast in the wine-steward's recommendation of some inferior brand of champagne. Our theatre programmes, for which we are still usually charged sixpence, are a flagrant fraud, inviting us to purchase so-and-so's magic powder or Madame D.'s marvellous corsets. In musical comedies the comedians sometimes introduce an artful gag for which the advertiser has paid, and any well-known actress can obtain her dresses at a substantial reduction by putting in a word for the firm who supplies her. And so it goes on. There is no escape.

But ballet, at any rate, has been free from the taint. It has remained up to now one of the few possible escapes from the sordid realities of life. The mystic haze of romance surrounds it. Here youth and beauty—however far the journey and hard the road—will at last triumph over sordid eld and ugly prosperity. In its remoteness from life, in its suggestion of a world altogether fairer than that we live in, the ballet has remained a refuge to which men might come as a sort of sanctuary. It is a thing of pure fantasy. Here are goblins, elves, fays, sprites and grotesque phantoms. Here the strange men and women who intermingle with these mysterious creatures are themselves of the stuff of which dreams are made. They exist intensely in their unreality—beings absolutely detached from life. And in a world of ugliness where blatant insistency is the predominant note the ballet has been essentially a thing of beauty. It has no other ends but to express a beautiful idea beautifully. In its form and matter are inextricably interwoven. By gesture, movement and elaborate symbol it conveys its meaning. Everything works to its pre-ordained end, obeying some law of fitness inherent in men. There are none of the ghastly paradoxes of real life where comedy ends in tragedy and tragedy in farce. In the ballet poetic justice is done and Beauty is lord of all.

It has remained for the management of the Alhambra to introduce the sordid element into this glowing, beautiful thing. *Queen of Spades* is intrinsically a ballet of considerable merit. It is well conceived and well executed. There is the same glut of colour, the same elaboration of gorgeous detail. Youth, in the person of a beautiful sculptor, has to make the eternal choice between the easy path of Virtue, as represented by his golden-haired *fiancée*, and the hard and stormy ways of Vice, as depicted by the wicked and fascinating Parisian dancer, L'Etoile. To gain the dancer the sculptor gambles heavily, only to lose coup after coup, the fatal card against him being always the Queen of Spades. When he has lost all L'Etoile leaves him, and he seeks oblivion in the wine-cup. While he sleeps he dreams, and in his visions, which are presented to us on the stage, appears persistently the Queen of Spades—now as the mocking figure of L'Etoile, now as the Demon of Gambling, and now as one of his own sculptured figures. And it is during these

visions that the offending feature makes its appearance. There are shown on the stage three huge green bottles with the name of a much-advertised table-water upon them. It is indeed subtly suggested that had the sculptor resorted to nothing but this water he would not have had these disordered visions. And the same table-water is to play a considerable part in the plot. The form of the sculptor's *fiancée* is suddenly revealed as his Good Spirit. She drives away the Demon of Gambling and presenting a goblet of — water, restores the sculptor to consciousness. After that we have a tableau showing the "Nymphs' Grotto of La Source." In order to drive home the brutal truth beyond the possibility of mistake there appears above the nude figure from whom the water trickles the name of the firm in large illuminated letters. The curtain falls amid the triumphant chords of the orchestra on this example of the apotheosis of the advertisement.

Well, the evil has been done and it remains to be seen how far the example of the Alhambra will be followed at other places of entertainment. Perhaps in the not distant future our slender stock of dramatists will be bought up by some advertising Trust, and we may have to listen to plays whose interest centres round the merits of Pears' Soap or Cadbury's Cocoa. Sir Charles Wyndham would be very impressive on Carter's Little Liver Pills, while Mr. George Alexander would no doubt pack the St. James's Theatre with a play written round the excellences of the Harmsworth Self Educator. Mr. Beerbohm Tree might add to his income by introducing a few remarks on Salmon and Gluckstein's cigars, while Mr. Cyril Maude's play, *Toddles*, could by a few deft touches be easily converted into a graceful advertisement of that valuable material for pyjamas "Viyella."

These things may yet come to pass, but for the present our table-water ballet must suffice. Time was when the appearance of such a ballet would have caused indignant remonstrance from all parts of the theatre. It would have been realised that it is grossly unfair not only to the audience but to the players. Artists ought not to be exploited in this way. The perpetrators of this outrage on the ballet ought to be banned by bell, candle and book. That such a production at the Alhambra—"the home of ballet"—has been allowed to pass unchallenged and almost unnoticed is the saddest sign of all. It shows how low we have sunk. The cursed spirit of commercialism has indeed caught us!

A. E. M. F.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## ON JAMES LEE'S WIFE

BROWNING always insisted that his poetry was dramatic in principle—"so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine"; and his attitude is akin to that of the next poet in "At the Mermaid" who says:

Which of you did I enable  
Once to slip inside my breast  
There to catalogue and label  
What I love least, what like best.

This may well be: the light, however, which he brings to bear upon his characters is not "the unobtrusive light of day which reveals other objects not itself; but the manifest light of great personality which impregnates everything,—diction and form and matter alike." By his immense humanity Browning seems to reveal himself: more than any other poet he "rouses a feeling of intimacy, a feeling of affection." In no poem is he more dramatic and more human than in this series of nine poems; called "James Lee's Wife." He takes a commonplace incident of daily existence, and by his treatment he lifts the subject from its commonplace level.



Without forcing any note, without violating a single probability he quietly transforms pettiness to grandeur, and reveals, as he loved to reveal, the godlike element in human nature.

The situation is simply that of a plain woman who comes to realise that she has lost the love of the husband whom she loves. She is a woman to whom love means everything. Despair and bitterness assail her. Her power of love, however, is real and does not die: it raises her above despair.

We see in mould the rose unfold  
The soul through blood and tears.

In the first poem the suspicion intrudes upon her mind that James Lee no longer loves her—the kind of suspicion that is knowledge consciously unrecognised. But she drives it away: she tries to deceive herself. It is the world has changed; Summer has stopped, and she cries out:

Look in my eyes  
Wilt thou change too?

stifling the answer in her own heart.

In the next poem she sits by the fireside regarding the naked truth. Her mood is relentless and bitter. She looks into the fire and the burning logs are to her the remains of wrecks, the dim dead woe long ago. "The sailors took their chance, well, and I take mine." She laughs bitterly to think how the light shining from the windows may rouse envy in the hearts of men at sea for the peace and safety of the happy householders. The idea of the ship runs on in her mind and she wonders if a man and a woman started love's voyage full sail in the house before she came, wonders whether that woman watched the planks start and hell open underneath, wonders whether that woman watched love die. Not even in her first despair are her thoughts centred wholly upon herself; it does not help her to know that that misery is widely spread; on the contrary it increases the bitterness of her own misery. The power to think of others is nevertheless the germ of the divine in her which will develop and bring her comfort: but not yet.

She is standing in the doorway. She touches the lowest depth of despair. The whole aspect of life and nature is tainted by her personal misery. The water looks to her like a black snake, spotted white with the wind: the wind's infinite wail moans to her her own conviction that good fortune has gone, leaving disaster behind: the branches of the fig-tree are like a shut hand: the vines writhe in rows, each impaled on its stake, and her heart is shrivelled. Her whole soul rebels against the injustice of it and she cries out, "Why is it? It is not right." As yet her high theory of love is, in her agony, beyond her power of practice.

Oh live and love worthily, hear and be bold!  
Whom Summer made friends of, let Winter estrange!

Gradually Wisdom—man's armour against the blows of Destiny—comes to her, and as she walks along the beach her fierce mood fades before a certain gentleness. One feels she whispers, "And so I did love, so I do." That line of infinite pathos contains the secret of her strength, the knowledge that her love is living and will live, though her love is not returned, even though her love turns now to a fault. For she is not rendered familiar with sorrow. She does not succumb to resignation. Her life is active, and she is bound to see new points of horror, and, above all, that the love, which is torturing her past endurance, is to him merely a nuisance. His was the light light love which has wings to fly at suspicion of a bond. She does not deceive herself now. She is glad to love in spite of all, and with the growth of love her understanding grows.

As she lies on the cliff she is able to see the beauty even of this light love. She watches a cricket, gay with his films of blue, and then a red butterfly, settle on the parched cliff and transform it, as love transforms the

mind of man. We are left to imagine how soon they will fly away. Browning's mastery of effect is memorable here. We do not realise at once that these glorious transformations have been wrought by just a butterfly and a cricket: we cling to the idea—as James Lee's wife clung once in her own mind—that the beauty is lasting and complete. But she has seen the truth of the matter and has had the great wisdom to cherish all the beauty there is in the momentary transfiguration of the bare rock.

In the next poem she is reading a book under the cliff; the verses of a young man who in the happy prompt instinctive way of youth thinks he knows the secret of the wind's lament, who sees

In failure and mistake  
Relinquishment disgrace on every side  
Merely examples for his sake  
Helps to his path untried.

But the wind has become, as it were, her friend, and no longer the mocker of her agony, as it had once been. She feels that she has learned its message, which has no little personal element in it, but wails the old woe of the world, that nothing can be as it has been before,

June to whose rise and fall we live and die.  
Rise with it then! Rejoice that man is hurled,  
From change to change unceasingly,  
His soul's wings never furled!

And at the moment she has bravely recognised and understood this truth, the terror of it overwhelms her, and she adds without a trace of bitterness

For himself, death's wave:  
While time first washes—ah the sting!—  
O'er all he'd sink to save.

Without bitterness because her sorrow has become one with the sorrow of all humanity, and has lost in consequence its personal piquancy. Suffering has opened her eyes to the meaning of life. She puts her book under her arm and walks among the rocks. No longer is her vision of nature distorted. She understands nature's beauty more fully than she has ever understood it before. Her words come, soothing as a caress—

Oh good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth  
This autumn morning!

Sorrow has not blinded her to beauty; but made her more responsive to its appeal.

Browning does not leave her here. She must learn what is the real beauty—her last lesson. Her mistake has been to prefer her idea of what things should be to the reality, which she did not trouble to seek. She must learn that the true artist is not one who, tired with the ugliness of life, tries to create his own and a better thing—in his presumption: but that he is the man who is so enamoured of the beauty of life that he yearns to express the beauty he has seen, and "counts it crime to let a truth slip": what Keats realised when he wrote

Beauty is truth, Truth beauty, that is all  
We know on earth and all we need to know.

She has learned her lesson. In the last poem, which in some ways is also the most beautiful, of the series, she is on the deck of a ship that is taking her away from her husband. She does not think of the new understanding that has come to her in the train of sorrow, of her future loneliness, of her sacrifice, she thinks merely (and this is one of the passages which make one worship Browning):

Could I fancy "As I feel, thus feels he  
Why fade you might to a thing like me  
And your hair grow these coarse hanks of hair,  
Your skin, this bark of a gnarled tree,  
You might turn myself! Should I know or care  
When I should be dead of joy, James Lee?"

H. DE S.

## FICTION

*The Twelfth Hour.* By ADA LEVERSON. (E. Grant Richards, 6s.)

It is not always a safe assumption that the later of two books is necessarily derived from the former, especially as regards a peculiar vein of wit. It should not be difficult for a critic to detect which is the original, even though he meets with it last. If the keen eye of Mr. Claude Phillips could be deceived by a copy of a lost "Old Master" his mistake would merely serve him to decide the genuineness of the original as soon as it were subsequently found. If this is so in painting it should be equally possible in literature. Mrs. Leverson's new book "*The Twelfth Hour*" is especially welcome because it supplies the stream of her admirable wit direct from the source. We get it undiluted far too seldom. It flows so freely that it has offered a continual temptation to more industrious authors, for theft or loan. More than one author has quite obviously derived from her, and obtained success for himself by doing so:

"*The Twelfth Hour*" stands out from among other amusing novels, in that the characters are not taken from other books but from people, each one being entirely fresh and new. The observation which Mrs. Leverson shows is derived from life not from literature, it is a diagnosis of the quick, not a dissection of the dead. The writing also is on a high literary level and the humour depends not on laborious jests and epigrams, but grows naturally out of the situations and the characters. The writer has not concentrated herself on the hero and the heroine but has given a particularly subtle study of the minor characters, such as the old father "Sir James" and "Aunt William."

Sir James was liable to the irritable changes of mood that would nowadays be called "neurotic" or "highly strung," but was in his young days merely put down as "bad temper." He had a high estimation of his mental powers, and a poor opinion of those who did not share this estimation. He took a special pride in his insight into character, and in that instinctive penetration that is said to enable its fortunate possessor to see as far through a brick wall as most people. (A modest ambition, when all is said and done!) His contemporaries liked him; at least, they smiled when his name was mentioned. He was warm-hearted and generous; he had a curious mania for "celebrities"; was a hospitable host, a tedious guest, and a loyal friend. His late wife (who was lovely, but weary) had always described him in one word. The word was "trying."

This is the *milieu* of Aunt William:

If there were a certain charm in the exterior of this old house—solid and aggressively respectable—its interior gave most visitors at first a nervous shock. Aunt William still firmly believed "aestheticism" to be fashionable, and a fad that should be discouraged. Through every varying whim of the mode she had stuck, with a praiseworthy persistence, to the wax flowers under glass, Indian chessmen, circular tables in the centre of the room, surrounded by large books, and the "rep" curtains (crimson, with green borders) of pre-artistic days. Often she held forth to wondering young people, for whom the 1880 fashions were but an echo of ancient history, on the sad sinfulness of sunflowers and the fearful folly of Japanese fans. Had the poor lady been but a decade or two more old-fashioned she would have been considered "quaint" and "up-to-date." (A narrow escape, had she only known it!)

The slight intrigue is entirely kept together by the diplomacies of the boy Savile who is really the principal character in the book. He succeeds in reconciling his sister Felicity with her husband, when they were drifting apart; and in smoothing the way for the marriage of his father's secretary Woodville with Sylvia the heroine. This is the description of Sylvia:

Her beauty was of other days, not of the "Summer Number." She was not, however, to do her justice, intentionally picturesque. She did not "go in for the artistic style"; that is to say, she did not part her hair and draw it over her ears, wear oddly-shaped blouses and bead necklaces, and look absent. The iron had obviously entered into her hair (or into every seventh wave, at least, of her hair), and her dresses fitted her as a flower its sheath.

Hence she was at once the despair of the portrait-painters, who had never as yet been able to help making her look on canvas like a bad Leighton in a Doucet dress, and the joy of the photographers, who in

her honour set aside their pillars and their baskets of flowers, their curtains and their "picture hats," being certain that she would pose herself exquisitely, and that her "lines" were so "right" that not even a photographer could improve on them.

Savile is an Eton boy of sixteen "with a determined expression and generally with an air of more self-control than is required for the occasion." He is consumed with a hopeless passion for Madame Patti, while being rather encumbered by his engagement to Dolly, a school-girl of fourteen, who is always bothering him about Charles II.

"No work of art can be tried otherwise than by laws deduced from itself: whether or not it be consistent with itself is the question," and judged by this standard Mrs. Leverson's book should prove a brilliant success; we have quoted sufficient to show that it is full of the wit of true comedy.

*The Man with the Amber Eyes.* By FLORENCE WARDEN. (Long, 6s.)

WHEN a story begins by relating how a respectable elderly gentleman saw a mysterious stranger at Waterloo, and turned white and shook, and was afterwards shot at in his grounds, an early indiscretion may be guessed at of the kind which Kipling calls "art misunderstood." When the aforesaid gentleman is murdered in his own house, and a man is found crouching on the doorstep in a suspicious manner, the plot thickens; and when Miss Florence Warden's name is on the title-page, we know we are safe to have plenty of excitement before all is finally cleared up. Her present story is interesting and ingenious, and her heroine, Naomi, is charming. If Miss Warden ever wanted to murder any one she would have her choice of all the most ingenious methods she has invented, and if she were as unsuspected by even the reader as is the real villain of "*The Man With the Amber Eyes*," up to the last chapter, Scotland Yard would have to break its record to apprehend her.

*The Madness of Gloria.* By FRED WHISHAW. (Digby, Long, 6s.)

RURITANIA has lured Mr. Whishaw from Russia, and he gives us revolutions and lost heirs and conspiracies in almost Weyman style. But we liked him better in Russia. Although the present story flows fairly smoothly, the thing which impresses the reader most is the really refreshing touch by which Mr. Whishaw makes the lost prince, unconscious of his identity, turn traitor to his own cause—and get shot for his treachery by one of those patriots who are risking their skins for his sake. The persons of the tale are unconvincing, but this departure from the usual melancholy Aiglon type is worth much.

*Maid Molly.* By A. G. HALES. (Treherne, 6s.)

"THE rush and roar of battle may seem to some men the sweetest thing on earth." The first chapter of "*Maid Molly*" opens with these words and we can only suppose them to be true or the book would never have been written. We turn over the page and are confronted with a detailed and spirited account of the capture of the Royalist guns by my Lord Essex at Ashby. Another fifty pages and we are brought face to face with one of whom we are told: "Molly knew, the moment she set eyes upon him, he was no common man," one whose voice is harsh, face heavy, "bent brows lowered and full fleshy jaws grimly set;" . . . "a sort of grey granite man." This individual, we are surprised to learn, is none other than Oliver Cromwell and he behaves as Cromwell is expected to behave, in fiction. After a short lull, the brawling begins once more and battle, murder and sudden death take their turn until Phineas Marwell weds his "*Maid Molly*" at the end. We are introduced to all the historic characters of the day; Cromwell cracks grim jokes with our heroine; Prince Rupert gay ones with our hero, and General Ireton and Lord Essex are here, there and everywhere.



*The Silent Man.* By SILAS K. HOCKING. (Warne, 3s. 6d.)

THE least exciting of Mr. Twiddle's illustrations to this book is the one inscribed: "she rushed to the door and said: 'Now go!'" The others represent the hero and heroine escaping from a fire over burning roofs, the hero and another hanging over space among the girders of a bridge, and the hero pulling miners out of a hole in a colliery amid explosions. Add to this that the hero was a marked man on account of his silence with regard to his past, that he reformed an entire camp of navvies, and that he was the guardian angel of a young man who had spent all his money, and the central figure of Mr. Hocking's tale may be divined. It would not be fair to reveal the reason for his silence anent his past. The lady was only part of it. The unsympathetic young man of the book is the eldest son of an earl, who, however, has no courtesy title, but is referred to throughout as "The Hon. George." Not once has Mr. Hocking slipped into calling him "Mr. Duncan." A subsidiary love-story is inserted which is connected with the main trend of affairs by the hero's skilful management of it.

*A Dragoon's Wife.* By E. PERRONET THOMPSON ("PEROUNE"). (Greening, 6s.)

THIS is the story of a few of the atrocities committed in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth by the First Dragoon Regiment, known as Bouffier's Own, in their efforts to subdue the Huguenots in the neighbourhood of Fontevault. The "Dragoon's Wife" is Iseulte du Terrail, wife of Philippe Marie du Terrail, and her efforts to promote her husband's advancement by dint of petty intrigue is the principal theme of the book. Her scheming, which involves the murder of a Huguenot friend, and the sacrifice of his daughter, is of no avail and she repents of her treachery too late to save her husband from the very fate against which she has been striving. The book is carefully and conscientiously written and gives a good picture of France in the seventeenth century. If anything, it is a shade too instructive for the class of novel it represents and abounds rather too freely in information of the foot-note variety. However, this is a fault in the right direction.

*An American Girl in India.* By SHELLAND BRADLEY. (Bell, 6s.)

THERE is of course fiction and fiction—the kind which aspires to be a fine art (and so seldom, alas! attains its aspiration) and that which aspires among other small things mainly to amuse (so often failing too). To the latter class belongs "An American Girl in India"; but far from being a failure, this novel contains so much knowledge of character, and such a light and sure touch in the sketching of passing personalities, that we regret the trivialities which condemn it to a place in the second category. When we have recovered from the expectant boredom which accompanies the discovery, on the second page, of that terrible "small brother"—who seems, in the realms of fiction at least, to be endowed with perpetual youth—and find that he is not to be regarded as more than the gnat-like inconvenience of a moment, we read on, as the heroine and teller of the tale would say, "right away," and find much that is amusing; for the "American Girl," unlike her maid, Ermyntre, really has a sense of humour, and knows how to use and how not to use it, for not the least of her merits is the brevity which accentuates the lightness and certainty of her sketches. A votaress of her national (feminine) sport—the hunting of "big game"—she does not bore the reader once in her pursuit of it; and though we feel hardly any interest in the plot—if it is fair to call it one at all—we feel a good deal in the narrator and her apt, amusing and shrewd comments on people and things, and so are quite content to let her literally husband-hunt from cover to cover and to use so antiquated a hunting-field as the Durbar for the final capture of her duke, if the doing of it keeps her in so gay and prattling a humour. It is not

only here and there that we come across the writer's skill in sharp and telling descriptions or small vivid sketches; it is kept up in an easy flow that makes the book very readable, even if we do find it harder to believe in the virtues of "Peter" than in the vices of "Fluffy." If merit is rewarded, the American Girl may rest assured of success in her particular style; and if her creator should follow the suggestion of his (?) amusing little puppet and allow her to write her "book for women only"—"the book that men could not be trusted not to read"—we can safely prophesy that its circulation would be as large as she "guesses."

*The Tracer of Lost Persons.* By R. W. CHAMBERS. (Murray, 6s.)

THERE is great versatility in Mr. Robert W. Chambers. "The Tracer of Lost Persons" is to Mr. Chambers's serious novel, "The Fighting Chance," what "Cardigan" was to "A Young Man in a Hurry." All the light side of his nature, the fun and the cleverness, go into such a collection of stories as this, and the world is the better for getting so much wholesome laughter and tender sentiment. "The Fighting Chance" was ambitious, and not nearly such delightful reading. Mr. Keen, the tracer of lost persons, is a sort of spiritualised Sherlock Holmes. He does not track murderers and thieves with supernatural acumen, though he is guaranteed to find any one in the world that is wanted. He finds mostly the ideal women for anxious young men, who in the upper ranks of American society are restlessly pursuing the phantom of pleasure. The dream that a man has in his heart Mr. Keen discovers for him in the flesh. He in fact personifies for the searcher that one who seems to each the world's desire:

No, not a dream or ghost  
No, but divine  
She that was loved and lost  
Waits to be thine.

It is difficult to say which of the stories are best. They are all so good and all full of delicate raillery and laughter. There is one which is a frankly impossible one, though we do not realise it till the *dénouement* which deals with an extraordinary case of a mesmerised dancing-girl in the time of the Pharaohs and of how she was awakened. It is the only unsatisfying one. Perhaps the cleverest, which is most ingeniously worked out, is that concerned with the extraordinary experiences of Captain Harren. If it could be verified telepathy might reveal much of the ways of that modern entity, the sub-conscious self.

*The Long Road.* By JOHN OXENHAM. (Methuen, 6s.)

SIMPLE-MINDED readers may possibly find considerable enjoyment from a perusal of "The Long Road." The story moves smoothly along, and the more idyllic passages have a certain charm of atmosphere, but the incidents, piled one upon another, are of a sadly conventional nature. The face of a first love seen in childhood and remembered for years, the wicked governor (repeatedly described as the devil), the poor but honest peasant, the family group of the "child angel" order, the attack of the wolves, the sudden softening of the avenger's heart, are all used like so many counters in a game of skill. The writer makes no pretence at style save in the use of repetitions, which, in his hands, produce a mechanical effect. But when all is said, it remains a straightforward narrative capable of giving pleasure to a not too exacting or critical public.

*A Human Trinity.* By RONALD MACDONALD. (Methuen, 6s.)

THIS is an interesting story—fine matter expressed finely by convincing personalities. The drawing of the characters is free from all affectation, and sincerely, simply, and, especially in the case of Mary Frozier, even beautifully handled. This study of a really delightful woman is a

very careful and intimate one. The reader is strongly attracted to her in the first part of the book, when she in her quiet studio seems at first almost only a restful background to the vivid youth of Anthony le Dane; but in the last chapter of this part, where she comes forward and takes her place beside him, it is the woman who fills the picture. The reader feels quite grateful to the author for the true, dignified and tender treatment of the situation. The beginning of the second part contains some of the most charmingly written pages of the book, and deals with the fresh and pleasant youth of Mary. The naturalness of it is remarkable, and the descriptions, which give the impression of being the outcome of a vivid feeling for the subject rather than the ordered force of words, are most convincing. This element of intenseness gives to the writing what it lacks in actual style. The author is certainly a psychologist of no mean merit, and as well as the real insight into the temperament and heart of the woman whom he presents to us as so really lovable in character, he gives us an interesting study of the mind of another type of woman, through the medium of the unsatisfactory love-affair between Anthony and Elmira Corder. The other characters, too, are drawn with the feeling of an artist and not those of a mere writer of a story, although in this aspect also the book is essentially a tale told—a tale with a very interesting motive, which is admirably dealt with in the telling.

*A Bunch of Blue Ribbons.* By GEORGE MORLEY. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

THIS is a very unsatisfactory novel, the more so because it is a kind of hotch-potch of the methods, subjects, and even incidents, of one of the greatest of living writers of fiction. The smock-frocked shepherd and red-shoed shepherdess are brought on to the stage amidst scenery which is as determined to be realistic as is that of His Majesty's Theatre, and the reader is tired out by the incessant use of a few favourite "effects." The people are ridiculously out of the picture, though it is difficult to say exactly where they ought to be—at least to say it politely. We are wearied to boredom by a shepherdess heroine who has "fair hands" a "fluty voice" and "dainty shoes," and who writes of her rejected lover as her "sweet playmate" and "courtly companion," and who possesses as aunt a "wide woman" who has also a fluty voice and talks "with the echo of sweet seventeen in it," in "her prettiest manner," and beguiles a Parson of the beloved-by-all type into a declaration of love, and to almost Bacchanalian romps on Fair day! We feel quite relieved when we come across "dumb shadows" and know that they anyhow—even in these pages—cannot talk in fluty tones; and still more relieved when the much-used horn lantern goes out finally and the curtain drops on these tiresome people who, to use one of the "property" words, "raggle" to fill the thirty chapters of this very unatmospheric novel.

*A Gallant of Gascony.* By PHILIP L. STEVENSON. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

If Mr. Stevenson has done nothing else in this book he has at least violated all the accepted canons concerning the hero and heroine of Romance. For, according to tradition, the hero should be faithful through all temptations to his lady-love, while the heroine should pass unstained and unscathed through the most profligate court that imagination can conceive, or that history has presented. Mr. Stevenson's "Gallant of Gascony," however, is by no means a Galahad; he is on the contrary quite as successful in the lists of love, as he is brave in war: in fact, he might appear to some harsh moralists as a libertine. But if Mr. Stevenson has been courageous in his choice of a hero, he has been absolutely audacious in the matter of his heroine. Queen Margaret of Navarre is too well known to students of history, serious or otherwise, to need any introduction. It would be difficult to choose any character more unlike

the typical heroine, and yet in spite of everything against her—her profligacy, her treachery, her utter worthlessness, Mr. Stevenson succeeds in attracting our sympathy and in keeping it right to the end. For this, if for nothing else, Mr. Stevenson merits admiration, but he has a far juster claim on our approval than this. "A Gallant of Gascony" is really a good romance. There is plenty of love and plenty of fighting. The picture of the age that Mr. Stevenson gives is not pleasing—it is probably none the less accurate for that reason. Of all his characters not one of any importance—except perhaps Chicot the jester—presents any desirable qualities. Henry III., devoted to his lap-dogs and his mignons, does not make a very kingly figure; his brother of Navarre, with his innumerable mistresses, is little better, while the women are, if possible, more contemptible than the men. The Queen-mother, vicious and cruel, and Margaret, whose conduct shocked even her contemporaries, and who did not restrict her *affaires* to her own class, find but half-hearted defence even at the hands of such an earnest apologist as Mr. Stevenson. The whole age was rotten, and not even the glamour of romance can conceal the truth. Yet in spite of its glaring faults, in spite of an entire absence of ideals, the age in Mr. Stevenson's picture had a distinct charm of fascination.

*The Dreams of Simon Usher.* By ALGERNON GISSING. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.)

SIMON USHER escapes from a drunken father and the uncongenial surroundings of factory life to the fishing village of Dunscar Haven, where he falls in love with Mrs. Redmayne, a widow, twice his own age, a devotion that colours his whole existence. To avenge Mrs. Redmayne's wrongs, Simon works his way into a partnership with her enemy, Cuthbertson Glead; even the fact that he loves and marries Glead's handsome daughter, Leah, does not deter him from his purpose, nor lessen his adoration for the spiritual-minded widow. It is a thoroughly human, yet terrible story. Glead's deliberate wickedness and ferocity and the youthful cruelty and arrogance of Simon's methods are fascinating in their truth and vividness; but there is no single person in the book who touches our sympathies. Mr. Gissing is a master in the delineation of intricate feminine characters, and although both Mrs. Redmayne and Leah are finely drawn, they are among the least attractive of the author's numerous heroines. Simon keeps the wayward petulance and unreasoning violence of youth too long, and his enduring infatuation for Mrs. Redmayne, despite her maternal attitude, and her second marriage, is not very convincing. In fact, everything is subordinated to the development of the antagonism between Simon and Glead; out of this Mr. Gissing makes a sombre, impressive story.

## FINE ART

### BRITISH MASTERS AT SHEPHERD'S

By a praiseworthy attention to the lesser masters of the Early British School, Messrs. Shepherd have succeeded in giving a distinctive character to their half-yearly exhibitions, and a visit to these King Street galleries usually results in extending our knowledge of English painting. The present collection is no less interesting and instructive than its immediate predecessors, its principal feature being a puzzling version of Van Dyck's equestrian portrait of Charles I. Smaller than the original, about half life size, this version differs from the National Gallery picture in having its greater measurement from side to side instead of from top to bottom, and this lateral extension enables the painter to give the figure of the page behind the horse in full, while to the left there is a greater expanse of landscape and sky. The treatment of this last,



which is finer than the sky in the original, and the swinging handling of the foliage suggest that the author of the work was Gainsborough, and this attribution finds a confirmatory detail in the thistle introduced into the extreme right-hand corner, exactly where Gainsborough placed a thistle in his equestrian portrait of *General Honywood*. It is well known that Gainsborough made several copies after Van Dyck—seven were found in his studio after his death—and it is extremely probable that he copied a masterpiece he intended to emulate, and it would be characteristic of the painter to take in his rendering liberties the ordinary copyist would shun. An alternative theory is that Messrs. Shepherd's picture is by Van Dyck, but the work is carried too far for a preliminary study, and it is unlikely that Van Dyck would have enlarged the characteristic small head of the Flemish charger, though Gainsborough might well have done so to secure a juster proportion and more pleasing effect.

Three painters, who despite their premature deaths bequeathed to their country works of a value not yet adequately appreciated, are well represented in this collection. By William Dobson (1610-46), whose brilliant career was ruined in the wreck of the Royalist cause, is a charming child-portrait of *Lady Elizabeth Middleton*. By William Muller (1812-45), who promised to become the Diaz of England, is a jewel-like rendering of a *Turkish Burial-Ground, Smyrna*, which, painted from nature, is not incomparable to those Eastern subjects the Frenchman only dreamed of and painted from imagination. Greater than either of these, R. P. Bonington (1801-28), whose meteoric appearance and lasting influence on British art have only been paralleled in our own time by Aubrey Beardsley, is admirably represented by his oil-painting, *Abbey of St. Bertin, St. Omer*, a tone-poem of sunlight played among grey ruins beneath a summer sky.

Though the high prices recently paid in the sale-room indicate a growing appreciation for the pastels of Daniel Gardner (1750-1805), this able protégé of Reynolds has hitherto found new admirers outside frequenters of the Ashmolean Museum. *Lady Rushout* is a surprising witness to his vigour in oils, the paint being freely handled and fine in both colour and quality. Another surprise is a remarkable picture by Richard Cook, R.A. (1784-1857), of an unknown classical subject, possibly Ulysses in Hades, a group of figures being dramatically posed against a fiery background, the whole effectively composed and rich and deep in colour. Jock Wilson's *Old Pier, Cowes*, a brown and grey seascape not unlike an early Turner, and J. A. O'Connor's *Woody Landscape* are instructive examples of two little-known early nineteenth-century Scottish and Irish painters.

Opie's portrait of the eighteenth-century critic, *Dr. Wolcot*, better known as "Peter Pindar," and a portrait of *Flaxman in his Studio*, attributed to Romney, have their chief interest in their subject, and there are greater artistic merits in Zoffany's *Earl of Craven*, a good, freely handled example of this underrated portrait-painter.

Crome's *Scene in Cumberland*, which apparently dates from about the same time as his *Slate Quarry* in the National Gallery, an oil sketch by De Wint, and two Italian scenes by Richard Wilson are the most important of the remaining landscapes, while an early Reynolds—*Mrs. Kenrick*—is an item which must not go unchronicled in any review of this stimulating collection.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE new volumes of the World's Classics to be published this month by Mr. Frowde include Goldsmith's *Poems*, with introduction and notes Mr. Austin Dobson; Hazlitt's *Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, with introduction by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson; Carlyle's "French Revolution," in two volumes, with introduction by Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher; Palgrave's

"Golden Treasury," with additional poems; and the fourth volume of Burke's Works.

"A History of the Ancient Society of Cogers," by Peter Rayleigh, was issued some years ago for private circulation and has long been out of print. Mr. Elliot Stock is about to issue a new edition with additional matter and fresh illustrations.

"The Making of a Miracle" is the title of a new work on the rise of New Pompeii to notoriety as a rival to Lourdes, by Mr. Thomas W. S. Jones, also published by Mr. Elliot Stock. It gives an account of the method adopted in making the shrine one of the most frequented in Italy and the superstitions connected with its use.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will issue shortly a novel by Agnes Grant Hay entitled "Malcolm Canmore's Pearl." They have also in the press a novel by Miss Braddon, which is rather more sensational than the recently published "The White House." It is to be called "Dead Love Has Chains."

The interest of Mr. T. E. Kebbel's book of recollections, "Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories," is less predominantly political than might be gathered from the title. A considerable part of the volume consists of reminiscences of editors and writers, of sportsmen and agriculturists whom he has fraternised with, and there are also chapters on rural life sixty years ago which have the charm of an idyll. The volume is to be published in April by Messrs. Cassell.

Mr. John Davidson has finished "The Triumph of Mammon," the first play of a trilogy which he is writing under the general title of "God and Mammon." This book will be published shortly by Mrs. E. Grant Richards.

Mrs. E. Grant Richards also announces a novel entitled "The Message," by A. J. Dawson. The story is purely English, but it lifts one away from the rut of familiar English life.

During the month of April Mrs. E. Grant Richards will publish Mr. Frank Richardson's "Love and All About It," Mr. George Ade's "In Pastures New," a reprint of the Love Letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, and a sixpenny edition of Mr. Horace Wyndham's "Audrey the Actress."

"The Story of Minstrelsy" will be the next and ninth volume in the Music Story Series, which Mr. Crowest, the author of "The Great Tone Poet," etc., projected and is editing for The Walter Scott Publishing Co. Mr. Edmonds-toune Duncan, the well-known composer and music arranger, has taken up the subject and has produced a most attractive illustrated volume.

Last year Mr. Alston Rivers introduced a new Dartmoor novelist by means of "A Pixy in Petticoats." This was the anonymous work of a new author, but the title-page of a new volume from the same pen which is announced for immediate publication is inscribed with the name of John Trevena. It is called "Arminel of the West." Towards the end of April the same firm will issue a new novel by Marjorie Bowen, author of "The Viper of Milan," entitled "The Glen o' Weeping."

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are publishing two little books by notable American authors. "Madame de Treymes," by M. S. Edith Wharton, is a story which contrasts the civilisation of aristocratic French families with the free and unsophisticated outlook of a young American girl who marries into one of them. The scenes are laid in Paris. "How doth the Simple Spelling Bee," by Mr. Owen Wister, is an amusing satire on President Roosevelt's attempt to introduce phonetic spelling.

They also announce "William Allingham: A Diary," edited by Mrs. Allingham and Mrs. Ernest Radford. It covers a period of special literary and artistic interest, including the early days of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood and the later ones of Tennyson and Carlyle.

A second edition will be ready soon after Easter of "The Apocalypse of St. John," the Greek text, with introduction, notes and indices by Dr. H. B. Swete, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. The first edition was published last autumn and was quickly exhausted.

Messrs. Macmillan will issue directly a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Frederick Courteney Selous's "A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa." This book was first published in 1881, and has always held a distinguished place among records of sport and travel.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A DISCLAIMER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I was somewhat disconcerted to find in your last issue (p. 308, col. 2), the substance of a discursive conversation with

a member of your staff crystallised into a string of boldly dogmatic assertions lacking the qualifications which any one familiar with the subject would supply. In any case I must disclaim all responsibility for the final statement: "It is characteristic of the laxity which prevails in the trade that all authors of repute have to be paid a sum on account of royalties, because the booksellers simply will not make up their sales and returns more than once in six months." Considering that the practice of supplying books on sale and return does not yet obtain in the English book trade, its use as an explanation of the system of advance royalties would imply on the part of publishers an "unintelligent anticipation of events" to which it would be hard to find a parallel.

Having pen in hand may I refer to the opening paragraphs in your last issue? You note, with apparent regret, that the Authors' Society is not a Trade Union. May I suggest, somewhat diffidently, to the editor of a literary paper, that authors cannot have a Trade Union on the same lines as colliers, because authors are, for the most part, men and women of letters and not colliers. I am aware that a certain number of authors seem desirous by the mechanical nature of their output and their entire disregard of all artistic considerations to assimilate themselves, as much as possible, to colliers or bricklayers. But I hardly thought this movement would have the approval of the ACADEMY.

Authors (one must really apologise for stating the obvious) cannot form a Trade Union like colliers because their aims and interests have not the same simplicity and unity as those of colliers. To take but one instance. The most widely spread grievance of authors is that their works are not reviewed at sufficient length and with sufficient appreciation. Well, it is hard to conceive the novelists of England headed by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Meredith, by Miss Warden and Mr. Hall Caine insisting on their respective publishers boycotting the ACADEMY because the latter had not given twelve columns of laudation to Miss Corelli, or Mr. Hirst withdrawing his books from Mr. Fisher Unwin because the latter refused to bully the *Nation* into giving favourable notice of Professor Hewins. Nor again do I see Mr. Richard Marsh going on strike because this or that halfpenny paper had declined to pay Miss Stanton more than  $x$  pence per word. Meanwhile it may be some comfort to authors haunted by visions of a triumphant Trade Union to know that publishers are quite as incapable as they themselves are of forming such a union. Whether it be matter for regret or no, the fact remains that the Publishers' Association is less of a Trade Union in so far as the material interests of its members are concerned than is the Authors' Society.

ALFRED NUTT.

[Our point was that authors should not mistake the Authors' Society for a Trade Union. The question as to whether they could not form an association on Trade Union lines cannot be dismissed so easily as Mr. Nutt would have us believe. It is obvious that authors are not colliers, but neither are doctors nor members of the bar. Yet both these professions have organisations which amount practically to trade unionism. The publishers have an association which is a Trade Union. This Association has fought the Times Book Club with Trade Union weapons, and publishers are not colliers.—ED.]

#### DISPUTED PASSAGES IN DANTE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you allow me to make two suggestions on disputed passages in Dante?

(1) "Paradiso," Canto xiii. 127-129.

Si fe' Sabellio ed Arrio, e quegli stolti  
Che furon come spade alle scritture  
In render tosti li diritti volti.

May not this be a reference to Jerem. xlii. 15 and mean that Sabellius, Arius, etc., were like the fear of the sword which drove the remnant of the Jews under Jeremiah "to set their faces" to go down to Egypt? If so it might be rendered. "Thus did S. A. and those fools, who to the Scriptures played the part of swords and set the faces of the good awry."

(2) "Paradiso," Canto xviii. 110, 111

da lui rammenta  
Quella Virtù, ch'è forma per li nidi.

What does li nidi mean? In Ecclesiasticus i. 15 the literal translation is, "with men wisdom nested (*ἐνδραστεύει*) an eternal foundation." The Vulgate goes utterly astray: but Dante may have come across a Latin translation such as "apud homines nidos posuit fundamenta eterna": if so, "from Him comes to mind that power, which is the formal

cause for the nests," would mean, "from Him men's minds derive that wisdom, which laid among them its eternal foundations as a bird lays its nest": or shortly, "from Him men learn that Power, which built them her eternal nest."

C. GORDON WRIGHT.

#### CATHERINE CHAUCER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention is called to what follows by Professor H. H. Wilder of Smith College in this city.

A genealogical table representing one Simon Manning of Codham as married to Catherine, "sister of Geoffrey Chaucer, knight, the renowned English poet," occurs in H. F. Waters: "Genealogical Gleanings in England" (Boston: New England Historic Genealogical Society 1901).

Catherine Chaucer is not mentioned in any other work that I am acquainted with. Even the thorough dissertation by Dr. Kern on "The Ancestry of Chaucer" (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press) makes no mention of her. Further information on the subject, especially information touching the authenticity of the entry in the above-mentioned table would undoubtedly be welcome to many.

HENRY BARRETT HINCKLEY.

Northampton, Massachusetts,

March 21.

#### "BRAKES OF ICE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

(Measure for Measure. II. i. 39, "Some run from brakes of Ice.")

I

SIR,—Mr. Payne's virtuous indignation, in your issue of March 16, in defence of what I repeat is perhaps the grossest and most intractable crux in the Folio has led him singularly astray. What he is pleased to call my "ingenious parallels" are the essence and lifeblood of Shakespeare's meaning. This he will confess when he has really mastered what Shakespeare is driving at in this play. For elementary Elizabethan syntax I can only refer him and his "tyro among Hindoo Baboos" to Abbott's "Grammar" or other work of the kind. Mr. Payne and his "tyro" perhaps find no difficulty in such constructions—to quote from this play alone—as are found in I. iii. 40-42, III. ii. 275-296.

Mr. Payne's indignation has led him to miss my point in regard to the pronunciation. Ellis I know, and Sweet I know, but who is Victor? Am I to be under the painful necessity of "emending" Mr. Payne, and suggesting that he probably refers to the "Shakespeare Phonology," 1906, of Professor Viëtor, of Marburg? This book I also know, and I venture to say (although I do not for a moment recognise the authority of any foreigner on a point of this kind) that Mr. Payne cannot find anything whatever in Viëtor, and still less in Ellis or Sweet, to impugn my assertion as to the pronunciation of "brake." Possibly Mr. Payne may have heard of Master William Shaxper of Stratford-on-Avon, Gentleman? In fact he admits my point when he says, so far correctly, that a was then sounded like a in "father." That is ample for my purpose, which was merely to distinguish for the purposes of the emendation, between the long and short sound of a; and to show how, so far as one may conjecture, the mistake of the printers of the Folio arose.

In my article of February 16 I stated that "the misprint of the letter 'r' for 'c' in 'backe' is one of the commonest in the Folio." Strong confirmation of this may be found in the contrary conception in *The Comedy of Errors*, I. i. 117. "Had not their bark been very slow of sail," where the Folio prints backe. Mr. Payne would probably defend this.

Mr. Payne in his third paragraph also says that "brakes are surely bits, curbs or restraints." Why "surely"? Although the word does occur with that meaning in authorities which may be found in the "New English Dictionary," he cannot produce any single passage in Shakespeare in which the word bears that meaning. The chances are therefore dead against that meaning in this passage. How does he obtain the force of "throw aside" out of "run from"? In no single passage in Shakespeare has the latter expression any other meaning than the plain and ordinary meaning which the words afford.

The use of "ice," as indicating chastity, is quite beside the point, as indeed are all Mr. Payne's easy and obvious references. The real question is, What is Shakespeare's meaning? What aphorism did he intend Escalus to say?



We can only gather this from a close and accurate study of the play itself. Shakespeare is his own best interpreter.

In his first paragraph Mr. Payne speaks of "a crux like 'Brakes of Ice.'" In his third paragraph he "submits that the passage is not a crux." Which does he mean? No wonder I say that his indignation has led him astray. The bare fact is that "the inability of critics to see what was staring them in the face" has lasted now for two centuries, as a reference to the Cambridge Shakespeare will show; and it has, forsooth, been reserved for Mr. Payne to see what has been veiled to the skill of all other critics and commentators. For example, the distinguished Shakespearean scholar, Mr. H. C. Hart, the latest editor of *Measure for Measure*, is evidently puzzled by this passage. In his note thereon in the "Arden" edition, 1905, reading "brakes of vice," he says, "a passage, as Schmidt says, that seems hopelessly corrupt." Nor does the illegitimate alteration to "vice" render the meaning obvious. Two or three pages of attempted explanations will be "found in Steevens's 'Shakespeare.'" They are so much waste of ink. If 'vice' be the accepted reading, the meaning would be: "Some thrive in a tangle of vicious courses without rendering account to any one, while others, for a single fault, are ruined."

## II

Sir Philip Perring's letter in the issue of March 23 hardly admits of a reply. As Dowden remarks, "We cannot tug at the end of a rope of sand." The passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, III. iii. 215, which he "takes for his lantern," will, I fear, prove a veritable will o' the wisp, and will certainly land him in all kinds of bogs and "brakes." The plain meaning of the passage in *Troilus* is entirely different from that of the passage in question.

Finally, I would quote from another eminent Shakespearean textual critic and scholar, Mr. A. E. Thielton, who, in his "Notulae Criticae," 1906 (p. 10), commenting on Mr. H. C. Hart's explanation and speaking of this passage as "the great textual crux of the play," says, "It is surely the obvious duty of criticism to re-examine the corrupt passage in the hope of finding some indication of a reading which might prove its legitimacy by its accountability, intelligibility and consistency with the context-marks, the necessary combination of which none of the many who have hitherto essayed the task have succeeded in establishing in the case of this venerable *mumpsimus*." Nothing can possibly be sounder than this remark, with every word of which I cordially agree, and I think it furnishes an ample vindication of my effort. It has, however, been reserved for Mr. F. J. Payne and Sir Philip Perring to assert that the views of two centuries of critics and scholars are utterly astray, and that the difficulty—which is no difficulty—only arises from the "inability of critics to see what was staring them plainly in the face." *Credat Judaeus.*

HENRY CUNINGHAM.

## JOHN PAYNE AND WALTER PATER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Dodge, perhaps I ought not to have referred "approvingly" to my "Life of Sir Richard Burton," but I was on particularly good terms with myself that morning, having just heard that the book had gone into a third edition. So I hope he will pardon the weakness.

I must defend myself, however, from Mr. Dodge's second charge against me. He says that my "Life of Sir Richard Burton" "is really an attempt to exalt the comparatively obscure Mr. Payne at the expense of the famous Richard Burton. In all Mr. Wright's 'Biographies' he seems possessed with the idea that his hero has 'cribbed' from some mysterious entity. In Burton's case it was a Payne, in Pater's career there appears to be a Jackson."

I am sorry Mr. Dodge refers to the distinguished scholar, poet and translator, Mr. John Payne, in these terms. Surely Mr. Dodge is aware that Mr. Payne is the translator not only of "The Arabian Nights," but also of Villon, Boccaccio, Omar Khayyam, Hafiz and Bandello, and that his "Flowers of France" (now proceeding from the press) is the delight of scholars. Mr. Payne is not only one of the first of living poets, but also the greatest translator that England has ever produced. The beauty of his prose and of his poetry has drawn encomiums from Mr. Swinburne, the Earl of Crewe, Dr. Ward (editor of the forthcoming "Cambridge History of English Literature"), Dr. Garnett and a host of others. Had I not been an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Payne I should not have founded the John Payne Society. Every reading man knows Mr. Payne as a great scholar, poet and translator.

And now let me put the case of Burton and Payne in a nutshell. Mr. Dodge, let us suppose, has four manuscripts (differing greatly from one another) of the Old Testament. He makes a translation taking now from this one, now from that. His work is published. Two years later a Mr. Brown publishes an edition of the Old Testament founded upon the same four manuscripts (he also picking and choosing at discretion), and it is found that the two translations practically coincide—that, indeed, whole pages are alike—word for word. Now if Mr. Dodge and Mr. Brown had used only one original, their translations might in parts almost tally, and no one would be surprised. But would it not be a miracle if, say from Numbers to Malachi, the two were practically alike, a word being changed here and there? Burton's "Arabian Nights" is the most bare-faced and stupendous piece of plagiarism in literature. If any one doubts my word let him go to the British Museum and compare the two translations, taking a page or two from any volume except the first (in which Burton "cribbed" from others as well as from Payne). I am a profound admirer of Burton as an anthropologist, but he had no gifts as a translator. His edition of the "Nights" is valuable only on account of the notes—that is to say it is very valuable, indeed. If Mr. Dodge has not come under the influence of Mr. Payne's charming prose I will, with pleasure, send a small volume of selections for his acceptance if he will give me his address.

Now as regards Mr. Jackson in my "Life of Walter Pater"; this is an entirely different matter. There is no parallel. Pater stole nothing from Mr. Jackson. Everything that Pater did was original. Let me explain. Mr. Jackson was a rich man, a lover of literature and art, with a wonderful collection of rare and valuable books. Pater became acquainted with him. For seventeen years (a big "slice" out of Pater's thirty-three years of manhood), they were bosom friends—constantly discussing Latin and Greek poets, gods, goddesses, Dante, the Renaissance, and art and literature generally; going hundreds of excursions together in search of literary treasures. A rich friend is useful to most persons, he is useful indeed to a lover of art. Then as to the St. Austin's episode. Pater, having made Mr. Jackson's acquaintance, was introduced by Mr. Jackson to the St. Austin's brotherhood. Father Nagée (another rich man) had, at enormous cost, reproduced in Walworth the surroundings and ritual of the early Christians. Pater became a frequent visitor there, and his acquaintance with Mr. Jackson and what he saw at St. Austin's led him to write "Marius the Epicurean." The inspiration then came from Mr. Jackson (whom he often called Marius) and Father Nagée. Pater was inspired by Mr. Jackson just as one friend is often inspired by another. Nobody blames Pater for this. A hundred years hence (and I'm quite looking forward to the time), my book (like Boswell's "Johnson") will have blessings instead of curses.

One contemporary, and one only, really understood Pater as a writer—namely, Lady Dilke. She could see that Pater's knowledge of most of the subjects upon which he wrote was superficial. In short, he was to Art very much what Goldsmith was to Zoology. He was not a deep student. He picked up his knowledge haphazard as he went about. He did not go to the root of things. But he was more than a scholar. He was a man of genius. He illuminated everything he touched. I love the man (deploring, of course, the one lamentable stain on his life) and I love his works, but I should only have stultified myself had I described him as a profound student of Art. A hundred better men than I would instantly have ridiculed me. When writing a book I never ask myself whether any fact I may have disinterred tells for or against the person who forms the subject. In goes everything. Some persons like my method, others do not. My motto is "Truth at all costs."

THOMAS WRIGHT.

March 29.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## ART

Calvert, Albert F. *Murillo*. 7½ x 5. Pp. xiii, 186. 165 Plates. Lane, 3s. 6d. net.

## BIOGRAPHY

*The Life and Work of Richard John Seddon*. By James Drummond. 9 x 5½. Pp. 392. Siegle, Hill, n.p.  
Newton, John. *W. S. Caine, M.P. A Biography*. 9½ x 5½. Pp. 349. Nisbet, 10s. 6d.

### DRAMA

- The Playboy of the Western World.* A Comedy in Three Acts. By J. M. Synge. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 86. Maunsel, 2s. net.  
*Supposes and Jocasta.* Edited by John W. Cunliffe. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 441. Heath, n.p.

### EDUCATION

- Le Manuscrit de Ma Mère avec commentaires, prologue et épilogue.* Abridged from A. de Lamartine by Lucy E. Farrer, B.A. 7 × 4½. Pp. 62. Arnold, 1s.  
*De l'Angleterre par Madame de Staël.* Edited by W. G. Hartog, B.A. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 126. Arnold, 1s. 6d.  
*Epochs of English Literature.* Volumes vi. and vii. *The Johnson Epoch and The Pope Epoch.* By J. C. Stobart, M.A. Each 7 × 4½. Pp. each, 152. Arnold, 1s. 6d. each.  
*The Royal University of Ireland Examination Papers, 1906.* 8½ × 5. Pp. 774. Dublin: The University Press, n.p.  
Mundy, Randal. *A Primer of Biology and Nature Study.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 259. Holland, 2s. 6d. net.  
Milton: *Paradise Lost, Books 1, 2.* Edited by A. F. Watt, M.A. 7 × 5. Pp. 88. University Tutorial Press, 1s. 6d.

### FICTION

- Jones, Constance Evan. *The Ten Years' Agreement, An Experiment in Matrimony.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 292. Nesbit, 6s.  
Pryce, D. Hugh. *Deyncourt of Deyncourt.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.  
Gould, Nat. *Charger and Chaser.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 286. Long, 2s. 6d.  
Stanton, Coralie; and Heath, Hosken. *All That a Man Hath.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 380. Long, 6s.  
Hales, A. G. *Maid Molly.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 326. Treherne, 6s.  
O'Donnell, Elliott. *Dinevah the Beautiful.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 314. Greening, 6s.  
Thompson, E. Perronet. *A Dragoon's Wife.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 317. Greening, 6s.  
Maturin, Mrs. Fred. *Petronel of Paradise.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 319. Eveleigh Nash, 6s.  
Gissing, Algernon. *The Dreams of Simon Usher.* 8 × 5. Pp. 325. Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.  
Askew, Alice and Claude. *Lucy Gort. A Study in Temperament.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 424. White, 6s.  
Maxwell, W. B. *The Countess of Maybury.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 307. Methuen, 6s.  
Bottome, Phyllis. *The Imperfect Gift.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 341. Murray, 6s.  
Barron, Elwyn. *The Triple Scar.* 8 × 5. Pp. 352. Sisley's, 2s. 6d. net.

### MISCELLANEOUS

- Calvert, Albert F. *The Escorial.* 7½ × 5. Pp. xxiii, 77. 278 Plates. Lane, 3s. 6d. net.  
Simon, D. W. *The Making of a Preacher.* 6½ × 4. Pp. 61. Melrose, 1s. net.  
Higinbotham, H. N. *The Making of a Merchant.* 8 × 5½. Pp. 210. Eveleigh Nash, 2s. 6d. net.  
Mach, Richard Von. *The Bulgarian Exarchate, Its History and the Extent of Its Authority in Turkey.* 9 × 6. Pp. 105. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.  
*Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution.* 9½ × 6. Pp. 120. n.p.  
Moore, H. Keatley, illustrated by May Sandheim. *The Nursery Song Book.* 8½ × 6½. Pp. 63. Routledge, n.p.  
Brownlie, Rev. John. *Hymns from the East.* 8 × 5. Pp. 141. Alex. Gardner, n.p.  
Fox-Davies, A. C. *Heraldry Explained.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 126. Jack, 1s. net.  
Petre, F. Loraine. *Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia.* 9 × 5½. Pp. 319. Lane, 12s. 6d. net.  
Hayward, F. H. *The Meaning of Education.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 217. Ralph Holland, 2s. net.  
Sellar, E. M. *Recollections and Impressions.* 9 × 5½. Pp. 335. Blackwood, 10s. 6d. net.  
*The "Queen" Newspaper Book of Travel, 1907.* Compiled by the Travel Editor. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 530. Cox, 2s. 6d.

### POETRY

- The Pearl.* A Middle English Poem. Edited by Charles G. Osgood, jun. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 202. Heath, n.p.

*Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics.* Edited by Frederick Morgan Padelford. 6½ × 4½. Heath, n.p.

*The Poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes.* Edited with an introduction by Colles Ramsay. 6 × 3½. Pp. 460. Routledge, 1s. net.

### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- In Memoriam.* By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. 7 × 4½. Pp. 185. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.  
Dumas, Alexandre. *The Three Musketeers.* 6½ × 4½. Pp. 602. Nelson, n.p.  
Vachell, H. A. *The Pinch of Prosperity.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 291. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

### TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

- Venice.* By Beryl de Selincourt and May Sturge Henderson. Illustrated by Reginald Barratt. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 185. Chatto & Windus, 10s. 6d. net.

### THEOLOGY

- The Parson's Burden.* By the author of "The Perplexed Parson." 7½ × 5. Pp. 123. Chapman & Hall, n.p.  
Glover, Don. *The Simple Faith.* 8 × 5. Pp. 148. Sisley's 2s. 6d. net.

## THE BOOKSHELF

Blackie's *Latin Texts: Cæsar, Gallic War*, ii., iii., iv., *Virgil, Georgicon*, i., ii.—These five volumes, published under the editorship of Dr. Rouse at 6d. each, "are intended for use in the first two or three years of the study of Latin"; and "a new and important feature in the introduction is a brief note on the manuscript and the principles of textual criticism." When school editions are turned out in such unnecessary numbers there is an obvious temptation to strike a new line merely for the sake of having something new, regardless of either educational value or logical sequence of subject; and we are inclined to think that something of the kind has happened with regard to the books before us. The introductions to these little volumes seem to us to be quite above the heads of those for whom they are intended; well thought out and carefully put together, they aim at too much or too little; and they run a very probable risk of encouraging that superficiality which is the one great curse of our present system of education which demands too many subjects for boys and girls to tackle with any benefit to their mental culture. There is, to our mind, one great point about these little books which editor and publisher pass over in silence: it is the absence of voluminous notes and vocabularies and exercises for retranslation, which have tended to make thinking an almost forgotten art with average boys and girls, and personally we give a hearty welcome to every effort which promises to bring back the old-fashioned system with which we were once familiar—the plain text fought out with dictionary and grammar, difficulties overcome by being definitely faced in class, interest quickened and sympathies widened by the living personality of the teacher who has made the subject his own.

Blackie's *English School Texts*, edited by W. H. D. Rouse Litt.D. 6d. each.—The numbers before us contain such old friends as Macaulay's *Essays on Clive and Warren Hastings*; they are clearly printed and furnished with a short introduction of the life and character of the author. The "corrective" that is suggested points to its being intended for the teacher rather than the pupil, unless the latter is as voracious a reader as Macaulay himself; but such, among average boys at any rate, we seldom meet. The reprinting of the story of Montezuma from Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* was a good idea and ought to prove popular. We venture to think, however, that a short digest of some of the preceding chapters would have been an advantage. We can quite understand the editor's difficulty in cutting down Prescott's fascinating pages: is there no other way of encouraging people to read good English? Holland's translation of "Julian the Apostate" seems to us a singularly ill-advised selection. A translation has a definite function to perform; it brings the reader into touch with the thought of others who would be inaccessible to him otherwise. But the "genius" of a language is untranslatable, and consequently a translation, be it ever so good, can never be a sound means of conveying instruction in language. We take it that the object of these school texts is to foster the study of English, and with such rich abundance to draw upon, to introduce a translation seems to us an almost mischievous work of supererogation.



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